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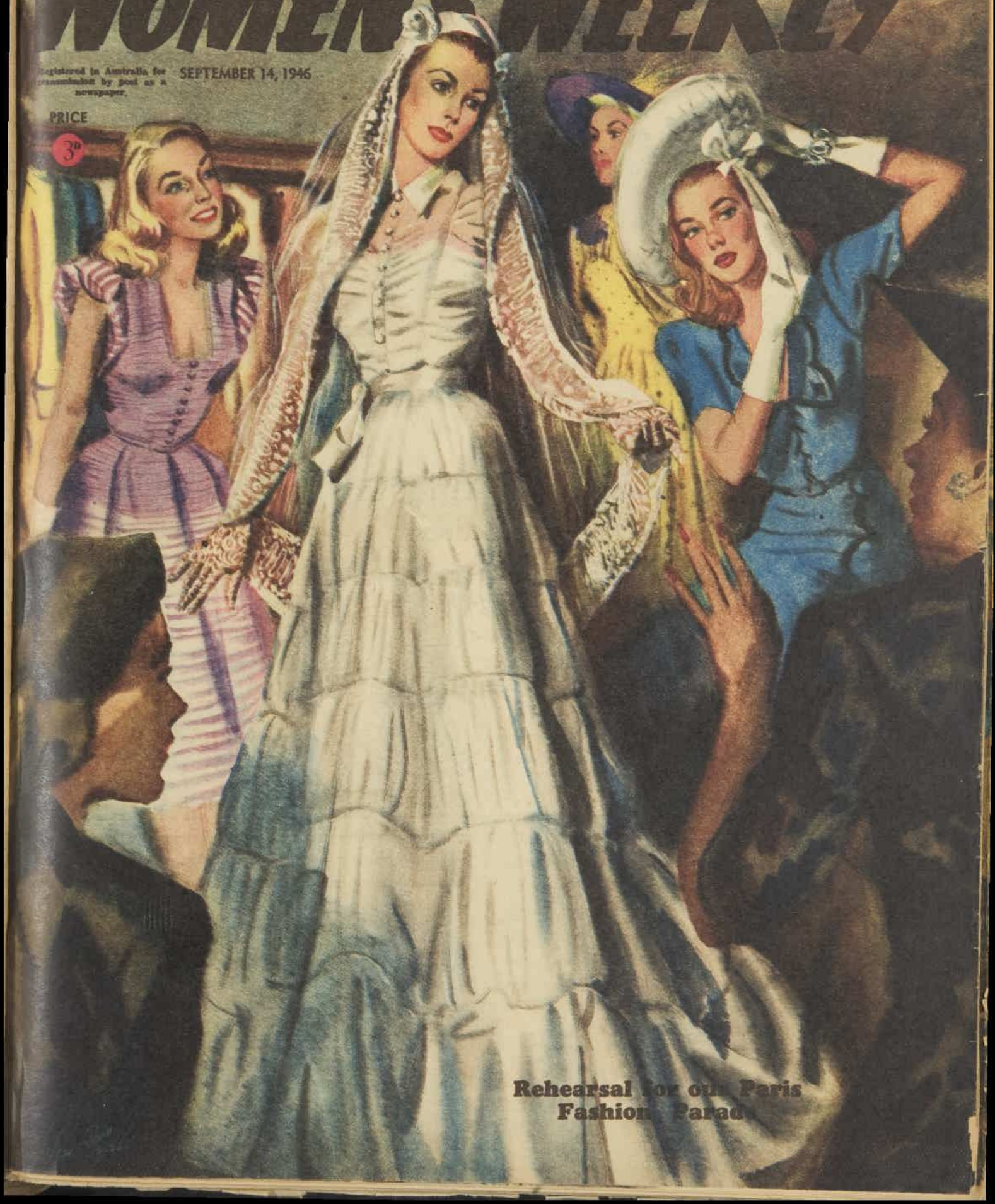

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Interrupted Honeymoon

THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

By DOROTHEA MALM

REALLY, it is ridiculous, Jane had got into the habit of saying to herself. She always said it very coolly, looking smart and efficient and thirty-four years old.

It was really not only ridiculous but maddening. Sometimes, sitting at her desk in the bank, she would look up at the golden Venetian blinds and try putting the case to an imaginary stranger, as a way of reaffirming her own sanity.

"I have fallen in love with a man, a very nice man. His name is Henry Amberson and he's the right age for me, thirty-nine, and he manages a large and important department store. We like the same sort of music and the same kind of books, and I can honestly laugh at his jokes. We're both too young to settle down to living alone, and we want to get married. The only reason we don't is that my mother won't let me, and his daughter won't let him . . ."

Then the imaginary stranger would laugh heartily, and she would laugh, too, for a moment, and then stop laughing, remembering all the reality that was tied by a thousand threads to that brief summary of the situation: Priscilla in the hysterical tears that fourteen-year-olds know so well how to produce; her mother speaking the forthright tearless logic of middle age, her grey head lifted, her eyes stern, and every bit of the logic based on a most towering sentimental mistake.

"But why, Mother?" Jane would demand.

"You will never be happy with him, Jane."

"But why, Mother?"

"Because he hasn't any heart. And you are too deep a nature, Jane, to be satisfied with any man who lives wholly on the surface. Why else do you suppose he was able to take you dancing the other night, leaving his little daughter in helpless tears?"

"As a matter of discipline."

"But what man except a completely heartless man would be able to discipline a tormented, tearful child?"

And the funny thing was that Priscilla on the night of the dancing had said practically the same thing.

"But just tell me," Henry had said, squatting on his heels beside her as she lay drowned in grief on the divan in his living-room, "just tell me what you've got against it, Pris? Don't you want me to be happy?"

"But you wo-won't be happy, D-daddy, y-you w-WON'T . . . She's cruel and c-cold and she couldn't love you—she's so heartless!"

"So you see," Jane summed it up later on in the evening, "we're a kind of phenomenon—both being without hearts, we've still managed to fall in love!"

"No, it's more than that," Henry said. "It's the old, old conflict between sentimentality and reason. Both Pris and your mother are taking the sentimental view. In the sentimental view there's a great difference between love and real love. If you'd go off your feed and I'd take to drink, we might stand a chance. That would be real love. But work would suffer."

"If that's all it takes, I'd just as soon work suffered a bit."

"I wouldn't," he said calmly, smiling at her. "And besides, I've got a better idea. I'll meet you after work to-morrow and tell you. You might arrange to take a day or two of your vacation right away, if you can . . ."

She was puzzled and interested and completely trusting. She arranged for her holiday without a great deal of trouble, and when she came out of the bank at six, there was Henry in his car waiting for her.

He smiled at her and leaned to open the door. "Everything fixed?"

"Everything's fine. I've got the week-end, with option of returning late on Monday. What's the plan?"

"Simple enough to astound you," he said, starting the engine. "We're going to elope."

And then before she had got over her first surprise he had stopped the car again at the corner of the park, very close to a large red letter-box. "And here," he said, "we pause so that you can write a last anguished letter. I know the sentimental mind, and there's nothing to send it spinning like an elopement."

"Especially an elopement without clothes," she said. "That will probably send it off its rocker."

"I've got your clothes," he said. "I got my ex-mother-in-law to invite your mother to a bridge lunch, and then I went to your house and packed you a bag. And here's paper; write your letter. I've already written mine—you can use it as a guide."

JANE read it: "My dear Pris,—Having found upon mature consideration that I cannot live without Jane, I have decided to elope with her. We shall be back on Monday with the deed accomplished. I hope you will take it like a good girl. Your loving father."

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"Awful," she said. "It's like an announcement of foreclosure," and she suggested a few improvements, and they concocted what they both agreed was a masterpiece.

"My own darling Pris—I've tried, goodness knows how I've tried—but when you're older you'll know that there comes a moment when love cannot be denied . . ." ("That's good," said Henry. "I like those three dots—they suggest such nameless passion.") "I find I cannot live without Jane. It breaks my heart to hurt you like this, my darling, but we are running away together. Forgive me—if you can . . ."

"But will she swallow it?" Jane asked.

"Of course she will, because it's what she thinks love should be. Melodramatic and unhappy and impulsive and excessively wordy. She'll have a fit on Monday," he admitted. "Now write to your mother. In the same vein, if you can manage it, but a shade more subtly."

"I've practically worn out my inspiration on Pris," Jane said, but she managed another half-page to her mother, complete with dashes and dots and one unpremeditated blot. It was ridiculous, but then the whole thing was ridiculous. And rather fun, too, now that they were going away intending to come back married.

Even when it started to rain sixty miles out of town, it stayed fun. The car was warm and dry, the tyres sizzled and splashed on the wet pavement, and the windscreen-wipers bumped rhythmically.

"Where are we going?" she asked after a while. "At random?"

"No," he said. "A place called Sweetwater Valley, where I once stayed a night at a nice little hotel, very clean and nicely decorated."

"Sounds good," she said. And then the car coughed twice and slowed at long length to a stop. After a moment of silence, Henry got out.

"Of course," he said, "cars are conking out all the time these days . . . but it seems a little hard, when I've kept it oiled to the nines and prayed over the battery and alternated the tyres faithfully." He swung the bonnet up and looked at the engine for a while. "And now what?" he remarked.

"Why don't you take out a spark plug and look at it?"

"Why not indeed?" he said. "That will have a professional air," and his hand went in and busily made motions of unscrewing for a moment. Then he straightened. "Where's a spanner?" he said. "I think these things are welded in. Maybe they aren't meant to come out."

"It says here," she said, taking a manual out of the glove compartment, "that when the engine stops on the road you should take the screen out of the pump and clean it."

"Fine," he said, "only which is the pump?"

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"But you haven't done anything," Jane said in a grim tone.

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Murder's So Permanent

By . . .
EDITH HOWIE

RETURNING late at night to the Edgewater Public Library for the engagement ring which ANDY HARCOURT sent her that day, pretty librarian LINDA WARE trips over what she takes to be a body, and is struck unconscious. Police discount her story, but next day in a dumb waiter in the library she finds the body of JANET METCALFE, with whom she shared an apartment.

Linda's engagement has been opposed by Andy's grandfather, wealthy CHARLES HAYNES GARDNER, and his aunt, ELSA GARDNER, as they intend him to marry his cousin, GLORIA GARDNER. The night before her death, Janet confided to Linda that she and IRVEN WAGNER, Elsa Gardner's son by a former marriage, are secretly in love, but they, too, fear family opposition.

LIEUTENANT RICHARD WORRALL, in charge of investigations, finds that MARILYN FRANK, pert young librarian, disappeared as soon as the murder was discovered. He receives from Charles Gardner a letter which Janet had left with one of the watchmen at the Gardner Works, declaring that she was on the track of a culprit responsible for trouble at the works, and, in the event of her death, the story could be found in her diary.

Her apartment, however, has been ransacked and the vital pages ripped from the diary. But the knife with which Janet was murdered is found in the kitchen, so, judging it unsafe for Linda to stay on there alone, Charles Gardner invites her to the Gardner home. After a constrained reception from Elsa and Gloria, Linda is shown to a guest-room, falls asleep, and is wakened by knocking at her door.

IT was Gloria. She had changed from the suit she'd been wearing when I'd seen her before, and now a vastness of black satin was shiny upon her bulky figure.

She said, "Oh, Miss Ware. Mamma sent me up to see if I could get you anything."

I said that I didn't know, but if she'd mind waiting, I'd check over and see. She acquiesced and I stumbled wearily to my feet and began unpacking. It had been a rush order, but so far as I could see everything was there. I said so, but she made no move to go.

She continued to sit there, on the edge of the bed, giving noticeable downward slope to the springs. Her eyes, dark and cowlike, were wistful upon my coral dinner gown.

"That's a pretty dress," she said. "I wanted a dress like that—light-colored—but Mamma wouldn't let me have it. She said I was too big."

Mamma, I thought, as I hung the dress away, was no fool. "Big" was the word for Gloria. But, as before, when I first met her, I had the teasing impression that something—definite loveliness if not beauty itself—lurked beneath her unprepossessing exterior. Her eyes, her skin were good; her hands and feet were small and well shaped. Shorn of thirty or so pounds, with a different haircut . . .

She was talking again. "I suppose you wear dresses like that when you go places with Andy. It must be fun." Her tone was frankly envious.

"As a matter of fact, I don't," I told her. "Andy likes dine-and-dance places—night-clubs, you know. I bought this dress for the library convention, and I haven't worn it since. I brought it along on the chance."

"Oh, we don't dress for dinner," Gloria assured me as her mother had done. "I wish we did. It'd be fun." She brooded over that for a minute. "I've never been to a night-club," she said virtuously. "I don't suppose they're very nice, and anyway Mamma wouldn't let me go. Not even if Andy asked me."

There was a pathetic droop to her lips. I could see it in the mirror. I swung about. I said, "Look here—night-clubs aren't much fun—not the kind around here. But the food's good and we like to dance. I'll tell you—why don't you come with us some night? Not right away—I wouldn't want to go now—but later on. After this thing is cleared up."

She didn't look as pleased as I'd expected. She said, "Well, I don't know. I don't think Mamma'd let me. Not with you and Andy. You see, Mamma—and Grandfather, too—don't like you going places with Andy. They don't want Andy to marry you. They want him to marry me."

That was rather a jolt. I wasn't exactly sure that my ears were working correctly. What kind of a conversation was this anyway? Was the girl really as naive as she sounded, or was this but thinly concealed malice?

I'd an idea that it amused her to attack me under the guise of complete candor and note my reactions. So I played up.

"They do!" I said. "But why?"

"Because of the Gardner money," she said. "I'm going to have a lot. From my father. And then there's what Grandfather has. That'll be divided between Andy and me. Grandfather wants it to stay in the family. The plant, I mean. Andy wouldn't have to bother about it if we were married. Irven could just go on managing it for us."

Her conscious pride in her own importance was disarming. It was also pathetic. I felt sorry for her. I said gently, "Tell me—do you love Andy?"

She looked shocked. "Love Andy? Oh, no, I don't think so. Andy's never been very nice to me. He says I'm too fat. He makes fun of me."

"And you think he'd stop if you were married?"

She considered that. "I don't know. I never thought about it. Mamma says Andy'd settle down a lot if he got married. Andy's awfully wild, you know."

I kept my face straight with difficulty. "How do you mean—'wild'?" I asked.

She looked at me doubtfully. "Oh, just wild—you know. Like men are. He drinks and he likes a good time, and he won't settle down to business, and he spends a lot of money—Grandfather's always furious with him about that. He plays cards, too, I think. For money."

I was getting a little angry. Evidently it wouldn't be her fault if I failed to know the worst there was to know about Andy. With a sudden motion I thrust my hand, with its blazing blue stone upon the third finger, before her. "You know about this?"

"Oh, yes." She stared at the ring with respectful interest. "That was Grandmother's ring. She gave it to Andy when she died. Grandfather was awfully angry when Andy said he was going to give it to you."

Fortunately, perhaps, the dinner bell rang just then, jolting us out of further conversation.

Dinner was rather awful. Oh, I don't mean from the actual point of the dinner itself, which was most simply served by the little white-aproned maid I'd glimpsed when I first came in. But there was no conversation.

Andy was grumpy and his grandfather remained sunk in an abstraction of his own from which he roused now and then to proffer another slice of the excellent roast beef. Gloria, too, clung to her own thoughts. What talk there was was carried on between Elsa Gardner and myself.

It was the veriest chitchat. Questions about library management—she asking them, I answering to the best of my ability. Comment on new books.

To all this I responded as best I could, but I was glad when at last she led us to the living-room where we would, she announced, have our coffee.

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"They're all gone . . . I can't find anyone," Gloria said hysterically.

"Shall I tell you a secret? The 'Where-You-Go-On-Earth-Book' says you're to have the sweetest-mother-in-the-world. She's getting the comfiest things ready."

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The Unlighted Face

By . . .

MARION CHAMPAGNE

All that year it was the same. Ralph talked, and Connie listened.

I AM taking Constance Lacey out to lunch to-day. I shall listen politely while she tells me her wedding plans. She won't ask me any questions because she isn't interested in me. To her I've always been good old Louise Bennett, a girl who went to school with her.

Because of all those years we've known each other, I wanted to do something—I can't give the kind of party she's been having since she got engaged—so about a week ago I asked her to have lunch with me.

To-day was her first free moment, if only it had been yesterday or the day before. But perhaps she'll do the talking and I'll just listen politely. She'll talk about the house she and Dr. Bates have bought to remodel. It sounds wonderful, but Constance has no expression on her face when she talks about it.

She doesn't look like an engaged girl. Of course she wears the big ring he gave her; her picture was in the papers, and she's very busy writing lists for the elaborate wedding, but only her ring has light and life in it; her face is dead.

I know she isn't in love with Dr. Bates because she loves Ralph. I know this was all arranged by her mother. But still I wasn't prepared for her remoteness as she goes through all the motions. She's being showered and luncheoned by all her mother's friends.

She never mentions her fiance's name. She talks about what her mother thinks and where her mother thinks they should go for their wedding trip. It's as though Constance is engaged, but to no specific person.

Connie's mother is happy enough over the match. You can see it in her face, on a shopping tour, or when she's a guest at parties for her daughter. Mrs. Lacey spent years creating this work of art, her Constance. She has acquired a successful young doctor for her son-in-law. Ralph Banner, on the other hand, is just a man who works on a newspaper. He wouldn't ever be right for Constance.

If our town smiles a little behind its congratulations, it's because we understand Mrs. Lacey.

The family moved to our town after her husband made his fortune quickly but securely. Mrs. Lacey had already begun to make herself a lady. They bought a large house, joined everything, subscribed to charities and entertained.

We children invited Constance to our parties and picnics. "She's pretty," we reported to one another, "and she has pretty clothes, but she's awfully nice." And Constance was.

My first reaction to her was a swift regret that I had two younger brothers who went through their clothes like moths. Then I decided it was better than being an only child. It was better to have fun at home than to have pretty dresses. I still think so and I'm ten years older.

When we first knew Constance, she spoke very seldom.

"Her mother talks for her," we used to say. "Tells her when to eat and when to sleep and when to practise the piano, what to say to the teacher, and which girls she can walk home with."

As we grew up Constance slowly picked up the jargon that passed for conversation with us.

She believed in love. She was perfectly sure it would happen to her and when it did it would be mutual and unblemished. Most of us joked about that sort of thing, having the adolescent's horror of self-revelation, but Constance would come right out and say serious things.

"I don't mind if he isn't handsome," she once said, "but he'll never shout at me or be sarcastic. He'll be an artist perhaps, or a musician or a writer, and I'll inspire his best work."

Most of these things were confided to me, because I was her only intimate friend. That seems strange, now that we've grown so far apart.

Constance never seemed to mind that my father was just a hard-working general practitioner or that our house was shabby. I think she liked it. As I look back it seems probable that our hard-working household was a refuge for her. She could come in and out through the kitchen and if Mother was cooking, Connie sat on the kitchen stool and had cake and milk, or ate apple strips off the top of the pie. Nothing was said to her about damage to her complexion or her figure.

She never ate sweets at home, because Mrs. Lacey was determined to

Light and sparkle shone in her ring, but not in Constance's eyes

keep her slim and smooth-cheeked.

She went to more parties than I did and she always came over the next day to tell me about them. "I don't really want to have a dozen proposals," she said once. "When I come home from a party Mother always asks me who danced with me and whether any other girl was asked oftener than I was."

"Connie, you don't have to worry about that. Nobody's asked oftener than you, ever," I answered loyally, and it was so. Never in all the years I've known her has any other girl approached Constance Lacey in popularity. Why, even at school boys told her that they loved her. She took it very seriously, minutely examining her own feelings, and reluctantly telling each of them that it could never be.

Yes, it does seem long ago that Constance was as simple as that. After she reached college she changed, becoming hard and sleek and smart, almost overnight, it seemed. She had her own car, and it became a familiar sight, going a little too fast, carrying a few too many of her current boy friends overflowing from the seats on to the running-board. Other people saw the car parked in dark, quiet places along the river bank, and talked about it.

Connie and I soon drifted apart.

But I began hearing about her, for her doings were familiar gossip. Not so much the first year, for she came up with strong habits of silence and obedience. Those habits were her undoing, in a way. When her companions said, "Oh, come on, everybody drinks," she followed their lead. She had never picked her own clothes or her own friends, and it was natural for her to follow advice.

By the end of a year she had been involved in a number of escapades which were not too successfully hushed up. Her mother, three hundred miles away, knew only that Connie was very popular, and she was contented with that.

Then, in our junior year, she fell in love with Ralph Banner.

Ralph, in his senior year, edited the college paper. He also wrote book reviews and sports reviews, and very good poetry. He was careless about his clothes. He thought education was more important than football. You can see he was queer from the collegiate standpoint.

It happened so quickly . . . Ralph and I had gone to the Tuck Shoppe to have a milk shake. The air was full of smoke, and noise, and greetings. Connie was there, and said hello to me. I introduced Ralph and you can guess the rest.

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YOU GOTTA GET UP

By . . . **SAMUEL TAYLOR**

"I can't just let a man stay in bed," said the sergeant. "You're going to get me into trouble."

NOBODY paid much attention to Private Jasper Wing before the day he decided to stay in bed.

The C.Q. came through the Nissen huts at 0545 hours blowing his whistle and switching on the lights, and we got out of bed in the clammy English cold and jerked our bunks straight and gave our faces a lick and our hair a swipe and grabbed our mess kits and broke out the door into formation as the first sergeant's whistle blew at six.

Our platoon sergeant called the roll, and Jasper Wing didn't answer, for the first morning in three years.

"Where's Jasp?" the platoon sergeant asked.

"He's in bed," somebody said. "Must've worked late last night."

"All present or accounted for!" the platoon sergeant reported to the first sergeant.

"All present or accounted for, sir!" the first sergeant reported to the Old Man.

When we were at chow, somebody said, "Jasp wasn't working later than usual last night. You remember he was cutting hair and then he went to bed like he always does."

"Maybe he's sick."

"He'd have to get up for sick call, wouldn't he?"

"He might be too sick."

"Nobody's too sick to get up for sick call. When you get that sick, you're dead."

When we got back from chow Jasper Wing was still in bed. He didn't look sick.

"How was chow?" he asked.

"Grim."

"I didn't miss nothing."

"Are you going to get up?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I don't feel like it to-day."

The platoon sergeant came in as we were mopping the floor. He was a terror to the loafers, but Jasper Wing wasn't a loafer.

Jasper Wing was an old guy, thirty or so. He was a big placid guy who always worked hard and never made any trouble. He was the company handy man. He'd worked at a lot of jobs in civilian life and he was good with tools. He could do electric wiring and carpenter work and cut hair and fix a jeep and make furniture and do anything you wanted.

"What's the matter, Jasp?" the platoon sergeant said.

"I don't feel like getting up," Jasper Wing said. He was lying on his back with his hands under his head.

"Sick?"

"No."

"Then you'd better get up."

"I don't feel like it."

The platoon sergeant knew how to handle a goof-up, but Jasper Wing wasn't a goof-up. That was it. He'd been a model soldier day after day for three years.

"Look, Jasp, you can't do this. You'll get me in a jam."

Jasper Wing did not seem worried.

"Jasp, I never done nothing to you. Why you got to do this to me?"

Jasper Wing yawned.

"Going to get up?"

"No."

The platoon sergeant glared around the Nissen hut. "All right, you guys. Keep your faces shut. The first one opens his trap gets a week K.P.!"

We went out to the depot to work, and pretty soon the first sergeant came around. He had an electric shaver in his hand.

"Where's Jasp?"

"Around," the platoon sergeant said.

The first sergeant looked around, asking for Jasper Wing. He came back to the platoon sergeant. "Where's Jasp?"

"O.K." The platoon sergeant shrugged. "He's in bed."

"In bed? Is he sick?"

"He said he didn't feel like getting up."

"You can't do that in the Army."

"It puts me on the spot, but what can I do? You can't get tough with a guy like Jasp."

They went down to the Nissen hut. Jasper Wing was smoking a cigarette in bed and reading a copy of "Stars and Stripes" somebody had brought him.

"How are you, Jasp?" the first sergeant said.

"Fine. How are you?"

"Why don't you get up?"

"I don't want to."

"You better go to the dispensary."

"I just want to stay in bed."

"See?" the platoon sergeant said.

"Look," the first sergeant said. "Here's Lieutenant Tonsilin's electric shaver. It went haywire. You can fix it in bed as good as anywhere else."

"I'm taking a rest," Jasper Wing said.

"But you can't do that in the Army."

"I am."

"You got to have a reason."

"I got a reason: I want to stay in bed."

"You're going to get me into trouble. I can't just let a man stay in bed. I never done nothing to you."

"That's what I said," the platoon sergeant said.

"Why didn't you keep your big mouth shut?" the first sergeant said to the platoon sergeant. "Can't you take a little responsibility?"

"You kept asking me where he was at."

"You didn't have to tell me, did you?"

"We got to keep it quiet."

"You're telling me." The first sergeant took the electric shaver back to Lieutenant Tonsilin and said, "Jasp will have to get a new part. He'll fix it to-morrow."

Of course the word got around among the G.Is. The mess sergeant fixed up a special breakfast of eggs scrambled in butter, flapjacks and syrup, bacon, orange juice, toast, and coffee, and sent it over by a couple of K.P.s.

"Always wanted to have breakfast in bed," Jasper Wing said. "Tell the mess sergeant thanks."

"He wants to know if you can get up just long enough to fix the field ranges," a K.P. said. "They're conking out again. It's that red gas."

"I feel like staying in bed," Jasper Wing said.

"They've got to be fixed before noon chow."

"Tell him thanks for the breakfast."

As the morning wore on, the debate waxed hot among the men at the depot. Was Jasper Wing sick, or wasn't he?

"Maybe he's gone crazy," somebody said.

"He does more work round here than any two men, and what does it get him? Nothing."

"He's too valuable to put on a regular company job that calls for a rating. He knows too much."

"I hope he never gets out of bed. It'd serve 'em right. All he's ever got from this outfit is the run-around."

"I hope he dies, like a sheep or a cow that goes down and won't get up," somebody agreed. "It'd serve 'em right."

Of course the officers didn't know. No G.I. in the outfit was enough of a bootlicker to blab on old Jasper Wing.

About ten o'clock Lieutenant Egbert, who was in charge of the depot, asked the first sergeant about Jasper. "He was going to make those stock shelves to-day."

"He's busy to-day, sir."

"What's he doing?"

"I'll get him on those shelves first thing in the morning."

"That's what you told me yesterday. Can't I have a man when I want him? He doesn't even have a regular job in the company. He gets excused from K.P. and guard and room orderly and all extra duty. But you never can get him. What does he do with his time, anyhow?"

"He's so handy, everybody wants him, sir."

"Well, I want him. I want him to-day. I've got to get my stock off the damp floor. If I don't see him first thing after noon, I'll find out why."

"Yes, sir."

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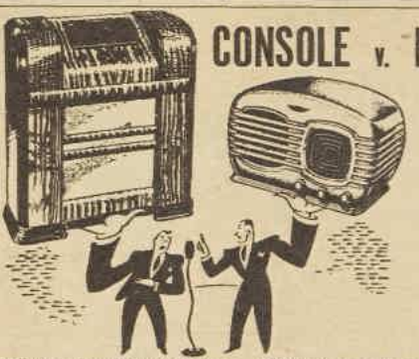

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Supremely confident in her ability to battle with the bookies, and make the headlines in the morrow's fashion jottings, her mood to-day is daring—with a touch of recklessness—subtly aided and abetted by the certainty that she looks her loveliest self . . . her make-up—by Paul Duval—so perfect that even her worst enemy is stunned into complete silence.

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Spent year studying natives in Cameroons

Australian girl took own bath on African treks

Radioed by MARY ST. CLAIRE of our London staff

Sydney anthropologist Dr. Phyllis Kaberry has just arrived in London after 15 months in the Cameroons, British mandated territory in West Africa, where dead rats (for table purposes) are seven a penny and there is no limit on wives.

"This creates a shortage in eligible females," said Dr. Kaberry, "and ordinary males of the tribes have to wait four or five years for even one bride. Actually, only about 12 per cent. of the male population is polygamous."

NATIVE HUT of wattle and daub, in the Cameroons. Visitors are accommodated in this type of dwelling.

DR. PHYLLIS KABERRY, Australian anthropologist, who has spent 15 months in British Cameroons.

DR. KABERRY, who is the only daughter of Sydney architect Mr. L. Kaberry and Mrs. Kaberry, of Manly, N.S.W., had a distinguished scholastic career after she left Fort Street Girls' High School.

Since taking her Master of Arts degree at Sydney University in 1935, she has done field work in the Kimberleys district of Western Australia and spent a year in New Guinea studying the Abelam tribe.

Just before the war she was awarded a Sterling Fellowship to Yale University, U.S.A., and was probably the first Australian woman to receive the Fellowship for Anthropology.

After 18 months in America she went to London, where she was attached to the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

In 1939 she received her Doctorate of Philosophy at London University.

During most of her 15 months in British Cameroons, Dr. Kaberry seldom saw another European.

Her job was to study social and economic conditions and to inquire into the prejudice against literacy for women.

She left England in January, 1945, when the Nigerian Government, which controls administration of British Cameroons, asked that a woman anthropologist be appointed to make a four-year survey.

On her West African treks Dr. Kaberry travelled in what she describes as "great comfort," accompanied by an interpreter, cook, 17 carriers, two dogs, and a cat.

Her gear consisted of salt, cutlasses, knives, and money as presents for the native peoples; flour, sugar, camp-bed, folding chair, and small bath for herself.

Food presented no difficulties, as the chiefs and tribespeople augmented her stores by presents of eggs (extremely old at times), fowls, vegetables, fruit, and an occasional sheep, goat, or leopard.

"The leopard I accepted gracefully, as it was a great honor, but I would have to dispose of it quickly after dark, as it had usually lain in the sun for a week, very dead, before being given to me.

"The dead rats, seven a penny at the weekly market, are another delicacy I managed to do without.

"The village people find them tasty for stews, but as a dish I prefer elephant grass shoots, which are similar to New Guinea kunai grass. With butter sauce they taste like asparagus.

"Insects and grasshoppers were another popular native dish that I didn't try—too many wings."

Dr. Kaberry was the first European woman to go among two of the northernmost tribes.

They were quiet, friendly people who mistook her for a priest. They greeted her: "God bless you, Father."

Dr. Kaberry found that the reason for the reluctance to educate females in the Cameroons is that they are needed for farm work.

Women do all agricultural work as well as the grinding of corn and cooking.

The Administration hopes to break down the prejudice against education by establishing schools for girls which will teach improved farming methods, cooking, sewing, infant welfare, and, subsequently, other educational subjects.

Women seemed to accept happily the fact that they were considered of inferior status to men, said Dr. Kaberry.

Few had any real desire to improve their education, but many asked that the "guvment" do something to stop so many children dying.

Infant mortality rate below the age of one year was 30 per cent, and 50 per cent. within five years.

Talking of marriage customs in the Cameroons, Dr. Kaberry said that top score for wives at present goes to the most important tribal chief, head man of Bikom, whose total is 155 wives.

Lesser chiefs have only 100 or so, and chiefs third grade from 20 to 50.

"Chiefs have wives presented to them, but courtship is a lengthy process otherwise," she said.

"It begins by the young man at the age of 20 or thereabouts taking along a gift of firewood to the head man of his compound and requesting a wife.

"The head man approaches fathers of eligible daughters in other compounds and after much parleying between parents one is selected.

"For the next four years the bridegroom-elect sees his father-in-law pretty often, but not his fiancee. During that time father-in-law has the privilege of calling on him for gifts.

"When the wedding is eventually arranged, the bride is brought to her husband's compound by her mother and sisters.

"She is taken to the senior woman's wattle-and-daub hut, where her body is washed by young virgins, painted with red camwood, and washed again at night before she is led to her husband's hut.

"This ceremony is repeated for five days, while the bride sits all day on a stool with her head coyly lowered, seen but not heard, as she doesn't speak.

"Finally, she is taken to her husband's farm plot, turns a sod or two, and is thereafter considered married.

"Marriage age is high—between 24 and 30 for men and 17 and 21 for women."

Dr. Kaberry spent nearly a month with the Bikom tribe, where the chief had 155 wives.

"They lived in surprising harmony, probably because they were too busy to fight," she said.

"The senior wife, as in all compounds, was in complete authority over the others.

"Each woman worked all day on her own plot of farmland and returned in the evening to her small, windowless hut, shutting herself in."

Dr. Kaberry is in London on leave and to write a report on her research so far. She will return in January, 1947, to trek into areas she has not yet touched.

SMART HAIR-DO, Cameroons version. The hair is carefully dressed with ashes and meat fat.

London's artist colony now in Hampstead

While Hampstead has become more and more the bohemian quarter for London's artists, Chelsea, once famous as an artists' colony, is just another staid middle-class suburb, according to Sydney artist Arthur Boothroyd.

ARTHUR BOOTHROYD, young Australian artist, who has spent seven years in England.

BOOTHROYD returned to Australia recently after seven years in London, and is planning an exhibition of his work shortly.

Before leaving here he was an illustrator for The Australian Women's Weekly and drew many of our early covers before color was introduced in the paper.

"One of the first things I did in London was to look for Chelsea's artist quarter, and I was most disappointed," he said.

"The nearest thing I saw to bohemian life was a cafe on the Embankment, which served coffee by candlelight.

"Sydney's King's Cross has a much more bohemian flavor."

Boothroyd, who is thirtyish, slim, and quiet, studied for a term at Chelsea Polytechnic under Ceri Richards, and jointed the Army in 1940.

Before this he did illustrating work for the "Strand" and other London magazines.

After living at Chelsea for a while, Boothroyd moved to Hampstead, which has a flourishing artist colony.

He had "the most perfect" studio in Hampstead, built like a typical English cottage and tucked away behind a row of terraced houses.

"Landlord of the studio," Boothroyd said, "turned out to be Ralph Longstaff, son of Sir John Longstaff, well-known Australian portrait painter, who died some years ago.

"He came to England when he was a boy and is doing very well as a portrait and landscape artist.

"He and his wife are hoping to pay a visit out here before long."

Neighbors in the Hampstead colony included Henry Moore, the acknowledged English sculptor of to-day, and Ben Nicholson, well-known abstract painter.

Boothroyd also knew Frank Beresford, another of London's well-known painters, and went to an At Home at his studio home.

The party lasted two days, during which time new groups of people kept coming along to look at the pictures ranged round the walls.

Artists in Hampstead were most conventional in appearance, with none of the gaudy colors and outlandish dress which they are thought to affect.

"The only ones who go round looking like artists are those who are not much good—although they do manage to impress some people," he said.

"There was one man near me who ran an art school and who used to go round in a black sombrero, a cloak, and a bright blue doublet. All the old ladies thought he must have been a wonderful artist."

Studios in Hampstead were often snapped up by people with plenty of money who thought it was "just too clever" to live in the artists' colony and throw bottle parties.

"This was a bit hard on legitimate artists, for studios were very scarce anyway," he said.

More than half of Boothroyd's time in England was spent in the Army, which he joined originally as a trooper in a cavalry regiment.

"It sounds odd, but they did have horses at that time, and I transferred later to the Royal Armored Corps, where I drove tanks."

Although he did not get much time for painting in the Army, he entered several Army competitions, and one of his paintings was purchased by the War Artists' Advisory Committee from the Tidworth Garrison Area Exhibition.

He also had a portrait accepted by the Royal Academy in 1940, shortly before joining the Army. It was entitled "Daphne in a Black Dress."

Before returning to Australia, he studied for another term at Chelsea Polytechnic under the sculptor Henry Moore.

"Most Australians in London are confirmed junk-hunters, and half my luggage coming back was made up of odd pieces I'd bought at second-hand shops and the Caledonian Market," he said.

His favorite piece is a Windsor chair more than 130 years old which he bought for 15/-.

STUDIO IN HAMPSTEAD where Boothroyd worked. The Windsor chair, bought for 15/-, has since been valued at £6.

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Editorial

SEPTEMBER 14, 1946

CITIZENS AND PEACE

THE apprehensive citizen of this atomic age has been watching with mounting dismay the progress (?) of the Paris Conference.

This gathering was anticipated by millions as "the peace conference," although it was not so named officially. The official view now appears to have been regrettably prophetic.

For six weeks the deliberations have provided a melancholy spectacle of disagreement and distrust.

That helpless watcher, the apprehensive citizen, is fast coming to the conclusion that if he wants peace he had better keep the great nations from getting together to discuss it.

Peering round the debris of his air-raid shelter, he wonders if perhaps he should begin to rebuild it.

It would be fantastic to think that the world leaders now fighting the battles of procedure and amendment in Paris are unaware of their responsibilities.

Yet, sent to Paris as the architects of a new, secure world, they have appeared as hagglers squabbling over the spoils from the ruins of the old one.

If they cannot find a basis for trust and agreement round the conference table, some irresponsible leader is apt to decide that arguments are more quickly settled by bombs.

The apprehensive citizen wishes they would think more of future peace and security and less of immediate advantage.

He longs to warn them in Robert Service's significant words: "It is later than you think!"

Paris confirms spring line in winter shows

Radioed from Paris by BETTY WILSON

More feminine, more womanly than ever, Paris winter collections stabilise the spring line.

Only six of the great Paris dress designers have shown their winter collections so far—but their names are so important that what they predict cannot be disregarded.

LUCIEN LELONG led off with a brilliant collection, followed by Pierre Balmain and Jacques Fath, both inclined to go in for sensational tricky ideas, but both with a sound basic feeling for that indefinable thing called line.

To-day Molyneux, Schiaparelli, Balenciaga, Gres launched their winter collections to a vast overflow audience of men and women who had come from all over the world to see them.

Even Madame Bidault—wife of France's President—found time to see Lelong's collection—and it is well worth seeing.

With Madame Bidault was Mrs. Byrnes, wife of the United States Secretary of State, who pencilled many notes on her tiny programme and was amused with a dress called "Gin Rummy" after the card game.

Fabrics—even prewar fabrics—have never been lovelier. There were wonderful satins, brocades, and tissues woven with gleaming gold, silver, and pastel shades.

Soft woollens were woven from Australian wool, and I really believe French women who saw the new wools were more excited about them than they were about the sumptuous brocades.

There seems to have been a tacit agreement among important designers that they'll do nothing to play down this new richness in materials. That's one reason they've all adopted this lovely feminine line.

For the same reason there is little embroidery, and what there is is introduced subtly to pick up the motif in the fabric's pattern.

And—for the first time for many years—designers introduced real stones into their delicate embroideries.

Fortune in jewels

TWO policemen with revolvers in their holsters stood through Pierre Balmain's collection to guard the fortune in diamonds and emeralds which Balmain had sewn in a winglike design at the neckline of one of the loveliest yet simplest dresses I've ever seen—made in a shimmering satin, the color of dove's feathers.

Colors have the same restrained elegance. There is much black, of course, as there always is in Paris.

Balmain rings changes on what he calls "blue-black." Most important color, perhaps, is the exact color of parma violets—often linked with green.

All the range of subtle greens, from a wonderful shimmering green the color of a beetle's wing to pale lotus-greens and the faint greeny-white of Alpine eidelweiss and elmbuds, was seen.

Schiaparelli runs through her new sun colors again, and supplements them by launching a new perfume called "Sun King."

Fath shows a wonderful pale, pale yellow color which is more like wet sand than anything else, and a superb terracotta which he uses in draped jersey to illustrate his new Egyptian line.

MLLE GRES, Paris designer, at work. Formerly known as Alix, she became famous for her classic draperies 10 years ago.

Vivien Leigh's well-documented period robes in the film "Caesar and Cleopatra" might have stepped out of this collection.

As to line—briefly, all the really important designers so far play up the slender, elongated moulded waistline, rounded hips, and a high, rounded bosom. It is a gracious, nymphlike line.

Lelong and Fath, however, also revive the 1910-1914 line, with loosely fitting suit-jackets—and, incidentally, Fath's fitted jackets are significant, too.

They reach to our present hemlines and show several inches of skirt below that.

Lelong's collection showed five important points.

First, big loosely fitting coats with dolman sleeves, which are not buttoned but which are held in place at one side with a hand gloved in impeccable pale suede and preclude the use of such "vulgar" things as shopping-bags.

Second, his pencil-straight spindle line for afternoon dresses, with almost imperceptible drapery which barely softens the line.

Third, fur. France has not many fur imports yet, but what she has is being used with tremendous effect. Even tweeds are being given softly rolled fur collars.

Fourth, the short evening dresses, which are so charming that even the grandest of grand jewelled evening dresses cannot oust them from favor. They are sleeveless, with soft, rounded, draped decolletage and often uneven hemlines.

Fifth, his enchanting ballet-inspired evening dresses, with tight-fitting bodices, tiny waistlines from which flute the folds of full tulle or chiffon skirts.

For daytime, however, skirts are longer. Much, much longer.

They reach well below the knee.

Lelong, Fath, and Schiaparelli show skirts which reach three good inches below the knees.

Balmain's skirts are middle-length, while he suggests hemlines will drop lower still by showing greatcoats, which actually reach the ankles, with tailored slacks.

Several houses have hit on the same idea for emphasising the slim waistline—it is not exactly a wasp waistline yet, but it seems to be getting that way. This idea is to use side corselet belts—some six or eight inches wide—in soft leather, which almost look like a tiny corset.

As for shoulder-lines—shoulders are not squared out any more.

Most houses follow the natural line of the shoulders for daytime dresses or at most, as Schiaparelli does, gather suit sleeves on just the least little bit.

But to give them a tiny kick at night there is a strong feeling for an asymmetrical line—for one long sleeve, one-sided drapery, or one strap of flowers to hold up the gown.

But really grand evening dresses often have no straps at all.

Strapless gowns

FATH does some of the most enchanting ones of all—allying full black tulle skirts with tiny bodices of black velvet edged with black-jetted lace to emphasise a daring strapless moulded bosom-line, and laced down the back with jetted strings.

He also dips into Empress Josephine's wardrobe and presents a series of high-waisted Empire gowns which are sensational but just aren't becoming.

Schiaparelli falls into line with the new feeling for "real" jewellery by designing wonderful evening dresses as backgrounds for several thousand pounds' worth of sapphires, emeralds, or diamonds.

But she goes one better. Where other designers use stones as lavishly as last year they used sequins, Schiaparelli announced at her winter collection to-day that she would show Paris how to wear diamonds, and sent out a charming red-haired mannequin in a sky-blue and silver striped brocade gown.

One shoulder and one breast were covered with the same material as the gown. The other breast was built up with a bright pink taffeta and encircled with a chain of sapphires and diamonds.

The collection began with a "winter bathing suit" designed to wear sunbathing in the snow, consisting of a removable black velvet jacket, bright blue pleated chiffon skirt as short as a Greek soldier's kilt, and—heavy black knitted stockings and what looked like football boots!

But the rest of the collection is simple and lovely.

Evening hats are charming, bonnet-like affairs in transparent net, trimmed with bright pink roses or rocket-blue aigrettes.

They are worn right off the face, right on top of the mannequin's high-piled topknots.

Interesting People

MADAME ALBERT LUI

. . . "people make places"

CONVICTION that people count more than places in making happy environment is making many friends for Madame Albert Lui, wife of new Chinese Vice-Consul, Melbourne. Says she is too busy meeting new people to miss homeland. Sociology graduate Shanghai National University, and keen sportswoman, Mme Lui worked at Chinese Customs Department, Chinese Ministry of Foreign Affairs, then at British Embassy, until marriage six years ago.

MR. D. S. MULLEY

. . . knows his country

ALTHOUGH born in Sydney, Mr. D. S. Mulley, new Surveyor-General and Chief Mining Surveyor for N.S.W., has spent much of time in country, knows State from end to end. With Lands Department since 1907. Is genial, energetic, enjoys long days on horseback inspecting the vast areas in his charge. During the war organised for Army civilian mapping of N.S.W. North Coast. Then as District Surveyor, Goulburn, was in charge of mapping of snow belt, now Kosciusko National Park.

MRS. AUSTINE CASSINI

. . . famed for hats

PERMANENT collection of 100 hats is nucleus from which Austine Cassini, editor of Washington Times-Herald column "These Charming People," draws supply of hats in which she is photographed for column. Wears different hat almost every day, in column, because cannot decide which one to choose. Has 300 fan letters a week. Says "It's better to be looked at than overlooked." Column covers anything from buried treasure to politics.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . *By Wep*

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THE ROYAL FAMILY AT WINDSOR CASTLE

THE ROYAL FAMILY spend a summer afternoon together at Windsor Castle. Photograph was taken in the beautiful, tree-shaded rock garden.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER enjoy a joke. A happy picture of the King with the heir-presumptive, his elder daughter, 20-year-old Princess Elizabeth.

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, who was 16 years old last month, beside a charming little statue and bird bowl in the garden.

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Interrupted Honeymoon

Continued from page 3

JANE said pleasantly: "You're awfully incompetent. I thought men were supposed to know about cars."

"It isn't an instinct," he said. "It comes under the head of acquired knowledge. I've recognised the spark plugs; that's my contribution. Now why don't you come out and get all wet and recognise the pump?'

"That shouldn't be too difficult," she said, but she glanced up and down the road before she moved, hoping as one hopes for a miracle that she'd see a garage tow-truck coming along, or even just a plain car driven by someone who knew what he was driving . . . All she saw was a stretch of tarred road bouncing with hard rain and fading into mist in either direction.

"Ow!" she said and got out and ran to get her head under the bonnet, which reverberated with rain. "It's that black thing there," she said.

"All right," he said, and reached for it. "At any rate it comes apart . . . but there's no screen. Just a hole."

"That's probably our difficulty. Someone's taken the screen off and forgotten to put it on."

"I doubt that," he said, but he looked impressed. "However," he returned the black thing to its hole, "let's get in again and try it now."

"But you haven't done anything!"

"I've taken a look at it," he said with dignity. "That's all garage men do. They say, 'Leave it here and I'll take a look at it;' and when you come back, it runs."

She laughed. "All the same, I'm losing a lot of faith in you."

"Let's try it."

After they had tried it, he leaned back against the cushions and lit a cigarette. "Just like old times," he said, looking amused.

"Why? Did you elope with your first wife and have a breakdown?"

"No. We were married in a church, and then we went off in a train, in a drawing-room. And I remember I couldn't think of a thing to talk about . . . No, I was thinking of the yet more golden days, when the car coasted to a stop on a dark road, and I nonchalantly lighted a cigarette as I remarked, 'Out of juice,' and then I'd balance the cigarette in the ash-tray, like this, and very tentatively kiss the girl . . ."

"Who firmly kissed you back," she said, doing so, and then shifting her shoulders until she was comfortable. And for a while the silent car with the rain thudding hard on the roof and the green twilight darkening round them was heaven, pure heaven . . .

"Well," Jane remarked at last, "we'd better try something. If we pushed it, do you think it might start?"

"We could try," he said, and they turned up the collars of their coats and got out, and he pushed at the back while she pushed at the front with one hand and steered through the open door with her other, and when they got the car over a hummock it started to roll, and from there it was quite a long way downhill.

She slid into the seat; he galloped around from the back and jumped on the running-board and crouched there, while she did things to the choke and the clutch, and the car coasted . . . Not even a cough now.

Jane looked ahead hopefully. Bluish hills misty in the rain, no lights at all except off to the left where there apparently was a farmhouse. "How far to the next town?"

"Sixteen miles . . ."

"Shall we turn in to that light? Answer fast or it'll be too late—shall we . . .?"

"Yes," he said at the last moment, and she yelled, "Hang on, angel!" as she swerved the car into the side road without daring to brake for fear of losing speed, skidded in the wet mud, straightened, and put on the brakes for the last downward curve into the farmyard, and nearly skidded into an aged man in blue overalls who was carrying a pail from the well.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she cried, aghast but triumphant. "But I didn't touch you."

He yelled in a big, penetrating voice, "You tried hard enough!" and stamped on into the house.

"I don't think he'll be able to fix it," Henry remarked after a moment, and then he stepped fastidiously off the running-board into the mud.

"An inauspicious beginning," she agreed. "Shall we follow him in?"

"Yes . . . Oh, by the way, Jane darling . . . I was just thinking: Maybe the car might have started on our wild ride downhill if you'd thought to turn the ignition on . . ."

"Didn't I—" she began. "Oh, hit me, trample me in the mud . . ." She felt like weeping out of pure shame.

But he was grinning. "One up for me," he said, "except that I'd have done better to notice it at the time. Well, let's go in. We won't be able to coast out of this slough of despond."

The little farmhouse looked cosy from the outside, with its lighted windows and smoke coming out of its tall black tin chimney. Inside, it wasn't cosy. They came into the kitchen, and it was all cracked brown linoleum and it smelled of warm milk and kerosene and ham grease.

Their aged friend grinned at them, unexpectedly.

"I'm terribly sorry," Jane began again, but he waved a careless hand.

"Let bygones be bygones. Care never killed a cat. Women drivers!" he said gaily, and cackled. There was a young woman washing dishes at the sink. She smiled and went on with her work. There was also a young man with long thin legs crossed in a lank way, smoking a pipe. He smiled too.

"Eggs?" he remarked.

"Eggs?" Jane echoed.

"Cream?" he suggested, leaning lazily against the back of his wooden chair.

"Oh! Oh, we didn't come to buy anything."

"No," Henry said. "Our car broke down, and we were wondering if any of you would know how to fix it." He looked at the young man, who smiled benevolently back at him. "Do you?" he said, after a silence.

"Oh, no," the young man said, beaming.

"Best take it to a garage," the woman said.

"Is there a garage near here?"

"There's one in Appleton," the young man said. "Sixteen miles."

"That's what I thought," Henry said. "Well, look, I don't suppose you have a car . . ."

"An old one that don't run so good any more."

They felt a wave of hope. "But could you give us a tow into town? We'd pay you for it, of course . . ."

The old man stood abruptly up, raised his hand, and brought it carefully down on the table-top without a sound. "No," he howled. "We don't go wasting our petrol giving people rides!"

"Then," Jane suggested quickly, "could we use your telephone to call a garage?"

"No telephone," said the old man triumphantly.

"Wouldn't it!" Henry said and sat down on one of the kitchen chairs.

The young woman turned around from the sink. "That's all right," she said competently. "We can put you up, and when Henry takes the milk in the morning he can give you a ride to the garage."

Jane stared at her. "Is his name Henry, too?"

"Yes."

"So's this one," she said and started to shake with laughter, leaning on Henry's shoulder, and Henry pressed his head against her and laughed until he was yelping in falsetto.

The young woman looked at them kindly. "Have you had dinner?" she asked.

After ham, which was very salty, and eggs, which were hard, and coffee with cream that was beginning to turn, they felt less like laughter, but they were still amused. The young woman was briskly competent. She assigned Jane to the spare bedroom upstairs and brought an immense roll of bedding downstairs to make up the sofa in the sitting-room for Henry. Then she briskly made up a rather inviting bed with clean sheets and about six thick quilts.

"I don't think you'll suffer here," Jane said, looking at it.

"I won't," Henry said. "And look at all the books to read myself to sleep with," he said, and then he took a closer look and saw that they were all agricultural yearbooks. "But what could put me to sleep faster than they? Good-night, darling. Sleep well. And remember we've got the whole week-end left."

"Of course," she said and went smiling upstairs. He was a good sport; so was she.

"This door doesn't close," the young woman said, showing her to the spare room, "but that doesn't matter. We'll be down the hall in the big room if you want anything."

"Fine," Jane said cheerfully. "And thanks very much."

She opened the suitcase and was touched, because Henry had packed the old print dress that he had always said he liked so much, and red shoes that didn't match it particularly but which he also liked, and no toothbrush, and no cold cream, but four sets of half-lace, half-satin underthings, a glamorous white nightgown, no dressing-gown, and no slippers, but a string of pearls and a pair of long white evening gloves . . . Men were donkeys, but men were nice . . . Henry was nice . . . Henry was a darling . . .

She washed in cold water from the pitcher on the washstand, put on the white nightgown, and got into the creaking bed. And lay there for a moment simply wanting Henry badly. And then she thought about things as they would have been if things had gone well . . .

She sat up straight.

THE kerosene lamp flickered ominously against the draught coming in through the open door, and the door wouldn't close . . . The bed, the whole room creaked and sighed, and outside the rain and the wind . . . She lay down again, her eyes wide and irritation nagging at her mind.

Then she sat up again.

"This is too much," she said aloud. "I'm going down to Henry . . ."

The room was dark; at first she thought he was asleep but then she heard him moving, and he said, "Is that you, Jane?"

"Yes," she said, and felt her way to the sofa. "I couldn't sleep," she whispered.

"Couldn't you? Neither could I. Oh, Jane," he said, "what a honeymoon!"

"Never mind," she said, "it'll soon be over," and the clock in the kitchen started banging out rapid strokes—eight, nine, ten, eleven . . . Seven long hours to go. And everything suddenly stopped being funny.

"It wasn't such a bright idea, was it?" she said after a moment.

"It was a good idea but it didn't work out."

"You should have had your car overhauled before we started. Cars can't be trusted these days."

"As if I don't know that!" he said darkly.

She was silent. Then she said, "I suppose it wouldn't do any good to go out and try starting it again."

"What good could it do?"

"You're certainly a babe in arms as far as machinery goes, aren't you? It's odd that you should be so completely helpless, when you're a man . . ."

"What difference does that make? I'm not a mechanic, I'm a manager. I've always depended on garages, just as you have . . ."

"And it's probably just some simple thing that anyone who knows anything at all about cars would fix in a jiffy."

Her temper was going up; she felt it rising steadily. And so, it seemed, was his.

"It probably is. But I can't fix it."

"I can fix my own typewriter, anyway."

"Which helps enormously," he remarked. "And if you'd thought of turning on the ignition this evening we might be home by now."

Through all her sudden sick rage that he should bring that up at last, hitting her when she was down, she had no time to notice that he said "home," not Sweetwater Valley. He was no longer wanting to be in Sweetwater Valley on a honeymoon; he wanted to be home in his own bed, with all the familiar noises of night traffic outside, and all the familiar surroundings of his own room. And so did she.

"I was waiting for you to bring that up," she said.

"You must admit it wasn't very clever of you."

"The whole idea wasn't very clever. And it was your idea."

"That's right," he said, "blame me, when you were thickheaded enough to forget to turn on the ignition—"

And now they were shouting at each other in the darkness, hurling words at each other as if words were solid and could hurt, dragging up things they both thought the other had forgotten, little things that had grown in the darkness of this awful night to a formidable size and importance.

"And you couldn't even let me pack for myself—you couldn't even remember to pack a toothbrush," she said in a high, shrill, breaking voice. "You—you manager! And nagging about that ignition—oh, you are heartless!"

"And so are you."

And then the voice of the old man in the next room came to them, howling in his fury, "Shut up, the both of you, and let me sleep."

She went up to her room without another word, walking very quietly and repeating with every step, "I hate him . . . I hate him . . . Oh, I do hate him . . ." She felt rigid with anger as she lay down on the bed.

It was no better in the morning. It had stopped raining, however, and the young man paused by their car on his way to get his own out of the shed, and stared at it, and finally got a spanner and unscrewed something and took something out and blew into it and put it back, and then got into the car and started it up.

"It's a pity," Henry said, watching him, "that you couldn't have done that last night."

"It was raining," the other Henry said blandly. "I wasn't going to get all wet. Well, you're all right now."

"Yes, thanks very much," Henry said, and it was the last time he spoke during their long ride back. There wasn't the remotest question of going on to Sweetwater Valley.

Jane sat silent, too, staring at the road. She couldn't bear to look at him. They had said too much to each other during that cheap brawl of anger; they had given themselves too much away; they had said things that made it impossible that they should ever meet again, even as friends, even as strangers.

ALTHOUGH the plan turned out to be a success, it didn't help in the remotest degree. When he stopped at her house to let her out there was a commotion at the windows, and then Pris and Mrs. Palmer came pelting down the steps, excited and confused and joyful.

"Oh, Daddy," Pris shouted, "so you were really in love after all."

"Get in the car," he said through his teeth, "and come on home."

"Come inside, Mother," Jane said, taking her mother's arm and hauling her along.

"But, Jane," her mother said, panting, "we're all so happy for you."

"I'm never going to see him again," Jane said in the cool bright hall. "And he ran off with my suitcase, too," she added bitterly.

"But, Jane, you're married——"

"No, we're not married . . ."

"But, Jane—— Oh, my word," her mother said, her face very still.

It went on like that. She had thought not to go to work that day at all, to go to bed and sleep, but an hour of it was enough for her. She had a bath, put on a sand-colored linen suit, announced that she was going to work, and went, her head aching badly.

When she got off the bus, the first thing she saw was Henry's car parked in front of the bank. It was either the heat or her headache, but she thought for a dizzy moment that she might be going to slide over in a faint, and that was incredible. She hurried to escape into the coolness of the bank . . . "Oh, Jane," he said.

She stopped. "Oh, yes, my bag."

"Yes, your bag."

She went over to get it; he opened the door and handed it out.

"I should have brought it to your house, but I didn't want to talk to your mother."

"I quite understand," she said, fixing her gaze on his left shoulder. She still felt weak—and she wasn't going to risk meeting his eyes. "And I think this is a good time to get it settled—I don't think either of us wants to meet again."

"No, I don't think we do," he said gloomily.

"Never again," she said, and her voice was suddenly shaking, and she looked at him and met his eyes at last. And his face was formidably stern and unforgiving, but his eyes weren't stern or unforgiving at all, and he was Henry, and it didn't matter that he knew too much about her, that she knew too much about him. She felt dizzy again. She said in a gasp, "Oh, Henry, I love you so much . . ."

"Oh, Jane," he said, and came out of the car in a swoop and started kissing her. "Oh, Jane, I've never hated you so much as last night and never loved you so much as now . . ."

"Darling," she said, and couldn't hold him close enough.

"My bag is still in the car," he said. "Give me back your suitcase . . ."

"And the funny thing is," she said as they reached the outskirts of the city, the green sunlit hills, the deep wide blue sky, "the funny thing is that they were right after all, the sentimental ones . . ."

"About real love. Apparently they were. As if we'd been merely on the surface all the time until that awful fight made us break through to the depths . . ."

"And love isn't really fun," she said thoughtfully. "Fun at times, but misery, too . . . I hope the car keeps going this time."

"It will. It was the feed line. I had it thoroughly cleaned out after I dropped you this morning. And you were wrong about the pump, by the way. The black thing is where you put in oil."

"Really? So that's why the screen was missing," she said, and laughed and then sobered. "But this is the wrong tone again."

"Well," he said, "we couldn't stay on the elevated plane all the time. The thing is, we've been there . . . and we'll get there again . . . It's real love . . . On to Sweetwater Valley?"

"Holding our breaths," she said, smiling again, "past Cold Comfort Farm . . ."

(Copyright)

"I see the cottage on the point has been rented."

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ENTHUSIASTIC SKI SISTERS. Olive Lamble, putting skins on her skis, and Beryl Lamble outside Chalet before going for a practice run. Skins are used on skis for climbing slopes to prevent skis from slipping.

COFFEE AFTER DINNER in the lounge where guests assemble and discuss day's doings. Ski enthusiast Dr. Peter Blaxland, of Sydney, chats with Marie Gardiner, who comes from Victoria.

DRINK BEFORE DINNER. Mrs. Ashleigh Davy, New South Wales non-competing captain, Mrs. Patsy Byrd, Len Green, Mrs. Stewart Jamieson, Bill Adams forgather over friendly "noggin."

Jottings from Kosciusko

SKIING is the topic of conversation all day and every day at the Chalet. Snowy experiences never seem to run out. Supplies of stories reinforced by day's happenings in a fortnight of intense skiing, and new batch supplied by interstate visitors from Victoria and Tasmania.

MRS. CLAM McFADYEN here with Clam and son and daughter Bruce and Jenny.

Third sister, Mrs. Berry Fletcher, is last to struggle in from the Slalom race, where she is official recorder with Mrs. Alec Richards.

Her marathon job rivalled by her two sisters, who join the "stampers" and even the snow as each competitor goes down.

• • •

CHARLES LANE POOLE one of the brightest in the Chalet, and that's saying something.

She's a fine example of hardiness, result of four and a half years' service in the W.A.A.A.F.

Her father, Mr. C. E. Lane Poole, living in Manly since he retired as Inspector-General of Forests, made the skis she uses.

Her pair are hewn from spotted gum from Bateman's Bay, and she takes the field also with skis imported from Norway, Switzerland, and Austria.

• • •

GET me up early one morning to see who really are early birds of the snow.

Few stalwarts include Marie Gelling, who likes to make the most of a sunny morning.

She's here this time without her brother Reg, who had to stay on his property, Cooinoo, West Wyalong. To quote Marie, "No rain, no come away."

• • •

SKI Council of N.S.W. hosted a bumper Saturday night cocktail party.

Championship competitors, special guests at the evening, are then assembled with later arrivals of Canberra representatives.

They tell of practice during the week at their local snow headquarters, Mount Franklin.

GREAT jubilation and many toasts on night of first events, when George Day, winner of the race and manager of the Chalet, stands drinks for the house of 100 guests.

Recipients of toasts are George and Mrs. Day and attractive Mary Wallace, Victorian women's captain, who wins the N.S.W. Women's Slalom. Feat all the better when her times place her eleventh in the combined field.

• • •

WHAT it means to be the wife of the N.S.W. Ski Council's honorary secretary!

Mrs. Alec Richards gets job of sewing waratah emblem on sweaters of N.S.W. representatives for Australian Championships this week.

If there had been dye in the Chalet she would have had more work, because white jumpers come from Sydney instead of blue ones.

• • •

I WONDER which of the Parker sisters I'll find at the Chalet this time, because I hear that seven of them are regular visitors.

Know I'll find Shirleigh and her husband, Sverre Kaaten, who is on the championship racing committee, a competitor, and master of ceremonies.

Latter entails breakfast announcements of the day's plans as decided by the barometer.

• • •

WHENEVER there is an accident doctors seem to be on the highest extremities of Charlotte Pass.

Call starts from the Chalet and becomes greatly exaggerated as it passes from skier to skier.

Dr. Matt Hyatt here with daughter Andrea "schusses" right down to the Chalet to find championship favorite, Colin Wyatt, with a dislocated shoulder joint.

• • •

NO shortage of medicos in the house. Among them are Doctors Hyatt, Peter Blaxland, Neil ("Black Mac") Macintosh, who is anatomy lecturer at Sydney University, and Ted Gibson.

• • •

SPECTACULAR ski attire are skirts worn by Mrs. Stewart (Katie) Jamieson, Jill Macdonald, and non-competing captain of the N.S.W. Women's Team, Mrs. Ashleigh (Bess) Davy.

Katie says you have to be careful on your skis thus attired, because legs are much more conspicuous than in ski pants.

• • •

THEY are ideal for warmer days and stockings go up as far as tight-fitting matching pants.

Katie bought a navy skirt lined with red and red belted, also a green tartan with socks to match.

Mrs. Davy wears white stockings in cable-stitch with her navy single-pleated skirt.

Fashion is a fairly new one in Australia, but Katie says is popular in Switzerland and most comfortable.

• • •

MUCH comparing of notes between Mr. H. J. Lamble and Mr. Bert Keown, superintendent in Victoria of railway refreshment rooms services, under whose jurisdiction come the Hotham and Buffalo snow resorts.

Mr. Keown hasn't been here since his visit to the old Chalet 11 years ago.

• • •

A SOLE figure on the slope watching treacherous ski jumps is Mrs. Sverre Kaaten, who gets a gay wave from her husband just before he starts his descent.

She has been anxiously watching Sverre jump in many contests since she married him thirteen years ago. They met at the Chalet the year before they were married.

AROUND THE FIRE after dinner, skiers relax after day's snow sports. Former member of Duke's crew, Tim Anderson, ex-R.A.A.F., with Rosalind Doyle, Lyndall Thompson, Mona Miller, and Jennifer Street.

INTERESTING sidelight is supplied by Don Abbottsmith, who was with A.I.F. ski troopers in Syria.

He tells me they were fined two pounds apiece if they didn't pronounce ski as in whisky . . . and I hear the same pronunciation is now favored internationally.

• • •

BRUCE McFADYEN, Macquarie Street dentist and member of Ski Council, brings work to play when he puts temporary fillings in aching teeth for seven guest skiers.

He uses resident doctor's surgery.

• • •

OUTSIZE in skis for handsome Norwegian friend of Sverre Kaaten, Erlang Aagaard, of Melbourne, who is at the Chalet.

He towers above everyone and is 6ft 6lin. tall.

• • •

MR. and MRS. ARTHUR NANKERVIS here with son Bob.

Their property, Bringebrong, on the Murray, just over the other side of Mt. Kosciusko, is only 40 miles from the Chalet as the crow flies.

Tell of last time they were here, when Rodeo held in February in paddock now piled fifteen feet high with snow.

SOUNDS of a squeezebox from a dormitory are sure signs that there's a party on.

Accordion is played by Len Green, Patsy Byrd, and versatile Colin Wyatt, who accompanies his music with Swiss yodelling songs.

• • •

SOOTHING for tired and aching skiers to arrive back at Chalet to sounds of the piano.

Guests appreciate spasmodic playing of Bob Arnott and Margaret Day, daughter of Chalet manager George Day.

• • •

MOST informal touch when ski room, the first place they hit in the Chalet, is converted into dining-room for weary skiers as they come in from Slalom race . . . Counters are laden with fresh-baked bread rolls, cold meats, and everything imaginable that contributes to a salad . . . not forgetting hot steaming cups of coffee and tea to complete meal. Buffet starts at one o'clock for early "returners" from the Trapyard slope (where race is held) and goes on till middle of afternoon.

Joyce

MADHATTERS' BALL. Joan Walder, Belle Adams, Pat Adams (front), and (at back) Mona Miller and Allan Woods wear mad-hat creations to ball at Chalet. Mona won second prize for her "Model."

GAME OF CHECKERS in billiard-room after dinner. John Downie (left), Roslyn Musgrove, David Kent, Roslyn's brother John, ex-R.A.A.F., who is first-year med. student at Sydney University, and Robin Wisdom are players.

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Women aren't fools, Mr. Menzies.

An open letter to a specialist in "promises"

Dear Mr. Menzies,

Because the women of Australia have borne more than their share of the inconveniences and hardships arising from unavoidable shortages, you think it is shrewd vote-catching policy to arouse feelings of discontent.

That is the whole and sole reason for your sudden concern regarding industrial unrest. You think that by promising them immediate release from inconvenience arising from industrial disputes and other causes, women may be persuaded to set aside the Chifley Government.

But women aren't fools, Mr. Menzies. They know that you have never at any time been able to prevent or settle such disputes; that your views and policy are anathema to the Australian worker; that you have failed to bring forward one constructive suggestion for promoting peace in industry; and that unrest would become sheer chaos if you were in power.

There is another point you find it convenient to forget. Thanks to sound Chifley Government there is virtually no unemployment in Australia to-day; unlike most other countries, we have checked inflation; prices and rents are controlled; there is no food shortage; industries are prosperous; the housewife and her family, despite occasional inconveniences, have greater security, better social services and brighter prospects than ever before.

Women want *substance*, Mr. Menzies, not shadow. So all your dazzling promises of an overnight Utopia won't convince the women of this country that they, or the Australian electors generally, are so lacking in intelligence that they would exchange the security of Labor Government for the inevitable anxieties and uncertainties which have always characterised administrations led by you . . . .

NO, Mr. Menzies, women aren't fools.

FOR SECURITY IN FAMILY LIFE
FOR FULL AND LASTING EMPLOYMENT

VOTE LABOR

MITD

Authorised by F. J. Kennelly, M.L.C., Parliament House, Melbourne.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

PISCEANS must use discretion this week if they wish to avoid upsets and difficulties, and Geminians and Sagittarians will also find that it pays to live quietly now.

Virgoans, Taurians, and Capricornians, however, can make ambitious plans and look forward to some measure of success provided they are prepared to work hard to achieve it.

The daily diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Get semi-important matters under way on September 13 (near sunset), 13, or 14 (9 a.m. to 11 a.m. best), but avoid rashness, greed.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 23): Avoid laziness and indifference now, for good times are possible if you work hard. September 10 (after midday), 14 (to 3 p.m.), 15 (to sunset) very fair, 16 excellent, 17 helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 23): Live cautiously and dodge arguments now, especially on Sept. 10, 11, early 12, 14, 15 (to dusk) and early 17. Keep to routine work.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Sept. 10 can be very helpful, but be fairly cautious on Sept. 12, 13, 14, and 15. Sept. 16 and 17 good for minor matters.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Dodge upsets on Sept. 10, but 12 (dawn to dusk), 13, and 14 (except 9 a.m. to 11 a.m.) can prove helpful. Sept. 15 and 16 poor.

"Mother, we don't have to pay Professor Tosca six shillings a lesson. I fired him!"

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Keep busy now, and seek advancement and gains. Make good use of Sept. 10, 12 (to dusk), 14 (to 11 a.m.), 15 (10 a.m. to 4 p.m.), and all 16. Balance of week poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Plan ahead, for there are good weeks coming. Meanwhile Sept. 10, 16, and 17 are all helpful, but the rest of the week poor.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A puzzling week, so be cautious for best results. Sept. 10 (to noon) poor, then good, 11 fair, 12 and 17 (day hours) helpful. Rest of week poor.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 22 to Dec. 23): Avoid quarrels and indiscretions of all kinds now, for difficulties predominate, especially on Sept. 10, 11, 12 (early), and 13. Sept. 14 and 15 tricky.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): A good week for the most part, so seek happiness and gains on Sept. 13 (to dusk), 16 and 17. Live quietly rest of week.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be moderately cautious this week, but minor gains can be effected on Sept. 10, 11 (near dusk), 13 (daylight hours), 14 (forenoon), and 17.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Live wisely and quietly now, for trouble is easy to find. Avoid discord and indispositions on Sept. 11, 12, 14 (early and late), 15, and 17.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

YOUR COUPONS

TEA: Black and red, page 8, V3-V18. (V3-V8 expire Sept. 22. V17 to V20 available on Sept. 23.)

SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7, P and Q 1-3-5-7.

BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 5, 49-51 (expire Sept. 22).

MEAT: Black and red, J2, K3, L3, N3, J4, K4, L4 (expire Sept. 23); green, C13-C16 (expire Sept. 22).

CLOTHING: Y1-50, Z37-112.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are visiting the moon and have landed on the side of the moon never seen from the earth. With
PROFESSOR THURSBY: and his beautiful daughter
LAURA: They leave the rocket-ship Stardust and see a huge dome. As they approach it a door opens. Standing in the doorway is a moon-man, young and handsome
AMON: who offers to show them over the wonderful city, which has air-conditioning, so that it is warm. Everyone is laughing. They see plants growing in chemicals and have a meal of fruit and water. The fruit tastes like steak and cheese and the water like nectar. As Amon speaks the moon language, Mandrake uses hypnotic gestures to find out the city's name.

NOW READ ON:

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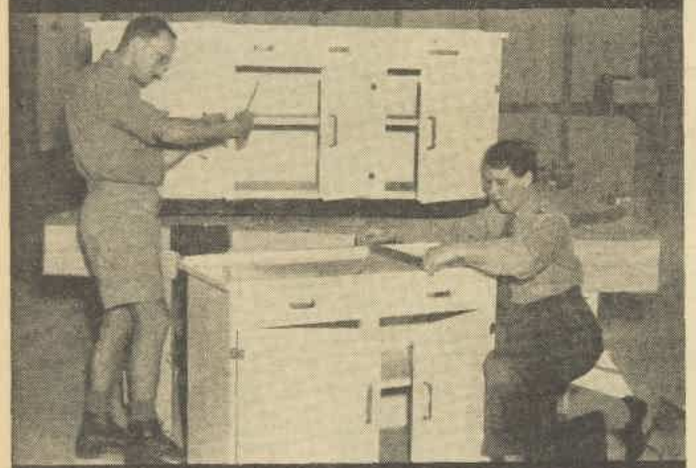
RED CROSS

Carries On

In a Military Rehabilitation Hospital. A Red Cross Handcraft worker demonstrates the Potter's Wheel.



An ex-POW finishes a piece of furniture made in the Red Cross Recreational Centre of a military hospital.

Handcraft instructors make regular visits to permanently disabled ex-servicemen of both World Wars.

its great work of meeting the vital needs of disabled ex-servicemen. New hope is born, fresh fields of usefulness and independence open up for those helped by Red Cross. The activities of Red Cross include:-

CONVALESCENT HOMES

✚

SOCIAL SERVICE

✚

HANDCRAFTS

✚

LIBRARY SERVICE

✚

BLOOD TRANSFUSION SERVICE

✚

MEDICAL SERVICE

Your HELP COUNTS

Join and Work

Fill in this coupon and send to Red Cross Headquarters in your State.

Please enrol me as a member of Red Cross for the year ending 30th June, 1947.

The sum of ..... *is enclosed.*

Annual Membership, 2/-.
Badge, 1/-.

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

Include full name and postal address (BLOCK CAPITALS).

AUSTRALIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

Founded 1914 — Incorporated 1941

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Murder's So Permanent

THERE had been one empty chair at dinner. Irven Wagner's. But Irven Wagner was there in the living-room. He rose as we came in.

He had been reading the evening paper but, when he saw me, he laid it down quickly, making an awkward half-attempt to hide its glaring headlines and macabre photographs.

"Oh, don't!" I said impulsively. "Of course you want to read it—know all about it. You all do. Please don't mind me. Janet's dead. It can't hurt her—reading about it—and we certainly can't just ignore it and pretend it never happened. That's silly."

Irven Wagner had been looking at me queerly, while he listened, but now his hand came up to cover his eyes. "No," he muttered. "No. Of course we can't. You're right."

He looked terrible. Before, when I'd seen him, he'd been smiling, diffusing an atmosphere of smug well-being. Now, abruptly, all that had been wiped away. His face was sagging and old. Behind the thick lenses of their glasses, his eyes were dull and bewildered. I thought: Oh, he did love her—he must—to look like that!

"Why don't we talk about it?" I went on. "Not as we would to the police, but just among ourselves. You never can tell what'll help. Perhaps from what we piece together——"

"How very sensible of you, Miss Ware." For the first time since I'd entered the house, Elsa Gardner was looking on me with approval. "Not that I imagine anything I know could possibly help, but I do confess to curiosity and I haven't had time to see the paper. Why not read it alond? But first—have you had your dinner, Irven?"

He hadn't. He didn't want any. Coffee, he said, would do for him. Impatiently Elsa Gardner waved that away and rang for the maid. Presently a plate of sandwiches was placed at Irven Wagner's elbow.

He was the one who read the newspaper account to us. It was as though he couldn't bear to let anyone else do it. He read it levelly in a flat, uninflected voice. Only when he came to the description of Janet's body—"crammed," as the paper had it, "into the boxlike compartment of the dumb-waiter"—did his voice falter.

So far as I could tell, the account in the paper was fair and accurate for all its unpleasantness. Because it had happened that way. No amount of glossing over could nullify that truth.

It wasn't all there, of course. Nothing was said about Marilyn Frank's disappearance nor about Janet's diary nor about the knife found in our kitchen nor the ransacked apartment. Even I came off lightly.

There was only vague reference to my midnight adventures in the statement, toward the end of the story, that the night before Miss Metcalfe's body was discovered a member of the library staff had been mysteriously attacked in the library. Even the name attributed to the "member of the library staff" was wrong. It was given as "Miss Hall."

For that, Elsa Gardner, at least, was grateful. "Thank heavens," she said, "there will be no unfavorable publicity. I suppose it's as much as one can expect. The account seems fair enough—accurate . . ."

I snook my head. "Not so accurate," I began, only to halt at her look of surprise. "I mean," I said stumblingly, "that there's a lot of the story—of what we know—that isn't here. I suppose the police are responsible and no doubt they have their reasons——"

"What part?" asked Gloria, avidly eager. "Do you mean you know some things that the paper doesn't mention? What? Oh, do tell us!"

I hesitated, but only for a moment. After all, why not tell? Lieutenant Worrall hadn't asked me to keep any of it secret and besides—Andy knew most of it; so did his grandfather—and there was Myra . . .

So I drew a long breath and began. Began with the "mysterious attack" of the night before and continued on through and including the ransacked apartment, the knife, and the mutilated diary. For some reason or other, I left out Marilyn. Perhaps it was instinct. Perhaps I forgot.

Not that it was as simple as that—telling it, I mean. No raconteur ever addressed a more difficult audience. Not that they were unresponsive. The very reverse. They fairly panted for information and they were without scruples when it came to demanding it. All in all, I doubt if I was given the opportunity to say more than two consecutive sentences.

It began when I attempted to explain my reasons for going back to the empty library, reasons that sounded weak now, even to me.

Elsa Gardner's sharp, "But, my dear Miss Ware, you surely don't mean to tell us that you forgot—that you were able to forget that ring? Why, the stone is priceless!" got me off to a bad start, and Andy's relentless probings as to the other details didn't help either. He asked more questions than Lieutenant Worrall. He didn't even sit still. He got up and walked around and lit cigarettes and shouted at me.

He asked how I could be such a fool as to go back there to the library alone in the first place and, since I had been, why I couldn't remember something that would identify my assailant. I must have. It was silly to say it was just "Plop!" in the dark.

"Well, silly or not, that was the way it was," I said, goaded. It was the fourth time, in varying forms, that I'd replied to that question. "What makes you think that I did know something that would help that I wouldn't be telling it? I certainly am not trying to shield a murderer. Goodness knows I want to find out who killed Janet as much as anyone—more so than a lot of people, I dare say."

Charles Haynes Gardner roused at that and turned on Andy what, from anyone else, would have been termed a "dirty look." "Exactly," he said caustically. "No one doubts your good faith, my dear. As for you, my boy, I think you owe Miss—ah, Linds—an apology."

Continued from page 4

Andy looked as though he didn't agree, but he muttered ungraciously, "Sorry, Lin. Go ahead—I'll keep quiet."

So I went ahead, but the rapport with my audience was gone. There were no more interruptions, but the polite silence was no less infuriating than the questions and answers had been. They accepted the riddle of the wrecked apartment, the discovery of the murder weapon, the homing of Janet's coat and hat, with icy calm. Only by mentioning the diary was I able to strike a spark from anyone. That, oddly enough, came from Irven Wagner.

"Diary?" he said sharply. "I never knew that Janet—Miss Metcalfe—kept a—a daily record of events. Have you seen it? Know what is in it?"

I said that it seemed to be nothing more than a record of her thoughts.

"Her thoughts." That held him for a minute, but presently he lifted his head again. "She wouldn't be apt to be handing a book like that around. How'd you get to see it? Had she shown it to you?"

The explanation of "how" I'd happened to see it involved the letter, and then the fireworks really went off. Andy, on the trail of an idea, suffered by comparison. Andy was a sulky boy—I had to admit it. Irven Wagner was a man—a man who knew exactly what he wanted and was in the habit of getting it. Or else.

He didn't rave or rant. He only asked questions, but they were questions that searched to the root of the matter in hand. Lieutenant Worrall, I thought fleetingly, could have learned a lot from him.

The existence of the letter, now in the lieutenant's possession, was news to him. So far, he told us, he had seen nothing of the police. Word of Janet's death had come to him about four o'clock.

My audible gasp of contrition stopped him, cut his sentence cleanly in half. "Oh, I'm so sorry," I said penitently. "You asked me to call you and I never did. I forgot—there was so much confusion—the police and everything. If I thought of you at all, it was that Andy'd told you . . ."

It was quite all right, Irven Wagner assured me. I was not to think of it again. Even if I had tried to reach him, he doubted if he would have been accessible.

Shortly before noon something had gone wrong with one of the big, high-speed drillers—for a moment he glanced at Charles Haynes Gardner—and he'd spent the afternoon in the shop with the foreman. On his way back to his office the girl at the switchboard had told him of Janet.

The news had shocked him. So much that, without even closing his mail, he'd left the plant. He'd gone for a drive—no place in particular—just somewhere to clear his head. He'd found it difficult to realise Janet's death. He still did, but now—again his eyes sought Mr. Gardner—this letter. Could that mean that her death was in any way linked to what had been going on at the plant?

It was plain that only a clean breast of the thing would satisfy him. For the second time in my hearing, Charles Haynes Gardner explained the letter.

It had been left by Janet about seven o'clock with the night watchman. It was addressed to him—Charles H. Gardner. Apparently, from perusal of its contents, it should have been delivered as soon as it was discovered that Janet had not reported for work.

It hadn't been. It was not until he and Andy were passing through the gates on the way to the library that it was handed to him.

ODDLY enough, Irven Wagner appeared to find nothing strange in the fact that the letter had not been delivered at the first possible moment. He dismissed the matter with very brief comment.

"Bill Thomas is on the gate from six until two, isn't he? Then another break at ten—oh, well, it's no wonder it got by them. Our watchmen have enough on their hands without acting as mailmen and they're none of them exactly picked for their intelligence. I hardly see how they can be blamed!"

"Who's blaming them?" Andy demanded sombrely. "What difference would it make even if Grandfather had received the letter as soon as he came in this morning? It was too late then. She was dead. Now, if Thomas had had brains enough to call one of us last night . . ."

It was then that I got my idea—straight out of the blue.

I said, "Look here—I think we're missing something. You keep talking about Janet's letter linking her murder to the trouble you're having at the plant. Well, maybe it does, but it could mean something else, too. We've all been wondering why Janet went to the library that night. We don't know if she followed someone there or went to meet someone or what. Maybe we'll know. But another thing we don't know is why her murderer went there. Perhaps that letter explains it a little!"

It was no use—they hadn't followed me. I knew it even before Andy's "For gosh sakes, Lin, bring it down to earth. What d'you think you're getting at?"

"All right," I said, still fired with my idea. "I will. What I mean is this: that letter talked about the diary—I'd only seen it once myself! Well, then—suppose Janet had discovered some sort of a plot down at the plant. Suppose the person she was suspecting was just as suspicious of her. Suppose he watched her, too. Suppose he found out about the letter and made an opportunity to read it——"

"I believe you've got something!" Irven Wagner said explosively. "It makes sense—of course it does. He read the letter and knew he had to act quickly if at all. So he did. He killed Janet."

"I'm sorry." It was Elsa Gardner, and she didn't sound sorry at all. "It doesn't explain anything to me. It doesn't explain Bill Thomas, who is one of your oldest and most trusted employees. Miss Metcalfe gave him that letter for Father. Would he have allowed anyone but Father to read it?"

It had all the earmarks of the monkey wrench in the machinery. We looked at one another.

Charles Haynes Gardner cleared his throat. "You've a point there, Elsa, no doubt of it. As you say, Bill Thomas is faithful. You're right—I do not think he would permit anyone, except, possibly in an emergency, one of . . ." he hesitated momentarily before he finished firmly, "one of the plant's officials to read such a letter."

That instant's hesitation left us all uncomfortably silent. I thought: For one of the plant's officials, read "one of us." That was so obviously what he had started to say.

It was Andy who shook us out of it by a sudden restive movement. "It's easily settled, isn't it? All we've got to do is ask Bill."

"Who's to ask him?"

I don't know who said that. I'm not sure, even, that it was ever said. But it was in the air. It echoed loudly about us.

There was another silence, during which no one moved or spoke. Then Charles Haynes Gardner said slowly, "It's not quite our affair—to interfere in police business. It might be better if that young lieutenant—what's his name?—were to question Thomas. Thomas would then be free of any—ah—pressure brought by mistaken notions of loyalty to his employer or his employer's family."

Well, there it was, about as plain as you could write it. It was evident that they no longer trusted one another.

"I'll call him if you like," Andy said and flung away from the mantelpiece where he had been making tapping noises on the tail of the Chinese dragon. "What'll I say? Tell him to get in touch with Bill?"

Please turn to page 20

What's on your mind?

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Horrified by censoring of books

IT is rather horrifying to think that we are treated like a lot of children as far as the censorship of books is concerned, while newspapers are allowed to publish sordid court reports which make far from pleasant reading.

If people are determined to read books bordering on the indecent, they will find that the average library has plenty on its shelves.

The influence on the adolescent mind of such books must of course be considered; but I have yet to encounter anyone who was influenced by that type of book.

As far as children are concerned, their books are mostly bought for them and in most cases are suitable. If a book suitable only for the adult mind finds its way into children's hands it is generally discarded as uninteresting.

£1 to Frederick Smith, 366 Seaview Rd., Henley Beach, S.A.

Incidental music

SOME film-goers complain it is ridiculous the way music is used as a background, particularly when a symphony orchestra strikes up from nowhere as an accompaniment in a scene miles from civilisation. But it is not ridiculous at all. The producer is simply putting atmosphere into the scene.

Music is the pivot of the world. When a man falls in love there is music in his heart; a cricket in the garden sings and creates music; lovely scenery brings a melody to the mind.

5/- to R. Christie, 6 Gaffney St., Coburg, Vic.

Peg trouble

WHAT a boon it will be when we get our old type of pegs back, as the present-day variety snap when first used, if pushed on to the line firmly. We are only allowed one dozen, or occasionally two, and these do not go far with men's working trousers, sheets, napkins, and other clothes to dry.

5/- to M. M. Rainbrid, Deansbury, Greina, Tas.

One is enough

MANY people, particularly gardeners and office cleaners, find that the right hand of their working-gloves is often quite worn out while the left is still good, so that they have to buy another pair of gloves when really only one glove is needed.

It would be a good idea if a large percentage of working-gloves were sold in threes, with two right-hand gloves to one left, and sufficient extra charged to cover the cost of the additional glove.

5/- to B. White, 62 Cook Rd., Paddington, N.S.W.

Cat burglars

TAKE particular care of your pet cat, as a daily paper stated recently that some fashion houses are using cat fur extensively as trimming, and skins are said to be 10/- each. Since then several beloved pets have disappeared from our street.

One was a beautiful grey Persian, which never wandered away and often waited at the gate for his young master to come home from school. Another was a pure white cat, left by a soldier in the care of his widowed mother, who has fretted herself ill over the cat's disappearance.

One cannot imagine that there really are people callous enough to take the life of a pet to get a few shillings; but the fact remains that it is only too true.

5/- to Mrs. D. Porter, 176 Bouverie St., Carlton, Vic.

Result in muddle

I THOROUGHLY disagree with Beryl Dansie (3/8/'46) that French should be taught at an earlier age. How can children understand French grammar when they don't even know English grammar? By learning French in the primary schools, pupils would be completely muddled both in their own language and in French.

5/- to Pat Thompson, Reid, Canberra, A.C.T.

Teach politics

MANY young people will vote for the first time in the forthcoming general elections; but a large proportion have little knowledge of political parties and less of their aims.

This would be avoided if the study of politics in our schools was compulsory. Teach the young people how political parties came into being, their present aims, and, most important of all, why it is the duty of every citizen to vote.

5/- to Mrs. G. Heim, 168 McKean St., Clifton Hill, Vic.

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FRENCH MANNEQU

CAROLE'S POSE shows off pockets formed by skirt drape in Lelong's sand-yellow gown with black coin-spots. Shoulder drape tucks into low bodice, forms tiny sleeves. Innate dress sense and years of training in deportment result in girls achieving required pose with ease.

IMPROMPTU TRY-ON of lovely Agnes Drecoll evening-gown by by Monique. Gown is of taffeta splashed all over with bl clothes, enjoy trying them on, help each other a great

MAKE-UP ARTISTS, the mannequins are happy in dressing- Monique, Carole, and Nicole begin elaborate toilet. Girls b sit before their mirrors. They concentrate on every det

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...NS DELIGHT IN CLOTHES

...n by Pacquerette, who is helped ...e-and-white pattern. Girls adore ...ical by making frank comments.

★ *Soon after the Paris frocks and hats for The Australian Women's Weekly Fashion Parades arrived in Sydney the four French girls who will wear them in the parades, Pacquerette Naudi, Carole Jacquet, Monique Stewart, and Nicole de Quorlec, had an informal trying-on. The girls so adore clothes that they become even more animated, completely happy, when they are among lovely gowns. The parades will open at David Jones' on September 16.*

DARING, low-cut gown, designed by Germaine Lecomte, is worn with infinite poise by Carole. Multi-colored embroidery trims narrow blue corsage; beige crepe skirt is draped, shirred back and front.

...own. Left to right: Pacquerette, ...e absorbed as soon as they ...d of their faces and hair-do's.

SWITCHES of long false hair are part of mannequins' toilet, and here Pacquerette pins Carole's on ready for parade. Girls do their hair with incredible speed during dress shows.

INQUIRING look from Monique as she gazes in mirror to see effect of sophisticated purple satin hat, designed by Paulette. Hats fascinate girls, who never seem to tire of trying them on.

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Murder's So Permanent

Continued from page 17

CHARLES Haynes Gardner said judiciously, "Such a course may have occurred to the lieutenant already. I suggest that you ask him to come here. We can better obtain his reaction in that way."

"He may not be there," Andy said sulkily. "He's a pretty busy man—remember."

"I appreciate that. In that case why not suggest that he get in touch with us to-night—but before ten o'clock, for I do not propose cutting short my night's sleep. Failing that, let him call to-morrow morning. By that time, some other angle may have occurred to us."

Andy disappeared into the hall, where the telephone was. His voice came to us in staccato patter of sound.

"Not there," he reported briefly upon his return. "I left the message."

There was no more talk that night. We sat and watched the hands of the mantel clock crawl closer and closer to ten o'clock and still no doorbell rang and no telephone shrilled.

Promptly at ten o'clock, believe it or not, by tacit agreement, we went to bed, even Andy and Irven Wagner. And, amazing me still more, I must have fallen asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow. Certainly I heard no more until the knocking came upon my door.

I floated up, out of drugged depths of sleep, to the noise of that knocking. I lay perfectly still for a moment, listening and trying to orient myself.

The knocks continued, a tumultuous cascade of them. Through them I thought I could distinguish my name over and over again. "Miss Ware — Miss Ware!" I couldn't quite place the voice, but its accent was one of despair.

What on earth had happened now? I thought, and sat up abruptly.

"Just a minute—I'm coming," I said.

Not knowing precisely whom I'd find on the other side of that door, I delayed opening it until I found my dressing-gown and put it on. Then I flung it open.

Gloria was standing there, and one glance at her showed me plainly that she was in a state of intense agitation. She looked larger than ever, wrapped in an elaborate, fussy dressing-gown. She looked old—a lot older than her nineteen years.

"What's the matter?" I asked crossly.

"Oh, Miss Ware," she said. "I'm sorry to wake you—honesty I am—but something terrible's happened down at the plant and I don't know what to do. I can't find anyone——"

"What?" I interrupted flatly. "You can't find anyone—you must be crazy! Who do you mean by anyone—your grandfather or Mr. Wagner or Andy? They must be——"

"They're not." She was hysterical now. "I tell you, they're all gone, every one of them. . . . I can't find anyone—and the front door's unlocked and—and that never happens—and . . ."

I tried to steady her. "Wait a minute!" I said. "Let's get this straight. What's happened at the plant?"

"I don't know," she reiterated. "I couldn't understand—they talked so fast. It was Harlan—he's one of the foremen—called. He wanted Grandfather or Irven—he said something about an explosion—and then, when I couldn't find them, he hung up."

I said, "All right—I've got the details. Let's go back far enough so we can put them together and make sense. When did the telephone start ringing and how'd it happen you answered it?"

"It woke me up," she said pettishly, "and then I waited and waited for grandfather to answer and he didn't, so I got up myself."

"And then, when this man Harlan asked for Mr. Gardner, you tried to find him and couldn't——"

"He wasn't in his room. He hadn't even been asleep—the bed was all made. So were Irven's and Andy's. They're all gone—even mother."

"What?" I said before I thought. "Your mother, too? She can't be! Are you sure?"

She said, "Come and see."

So I went and saw and it was so. There were six bedrooms on that floor and of them two—mine and Gloria's—were lighted. The others showed dark and silent. One by one we threw open the doors, clicked switches and looked in. In none of them, as Gloria had said, did the beds show signs of use. Their counterpanes were smooth and flat, their pillows undented.

We closed the door of the last room—Andy's—and looked at one another. I said, "Well!" and Gloria began to whimper. "Where are they? What are we going to do?"

I shrugged. "I don't know where they are," I said. "You know them better than I; you ought to have some sort of an idea. But as for what we do, that depends on us. Why don't you try calling the plant? Perhaps your grandfather is there by this time."

We couldn't get the plant. Central reported all of the lines busy.

After five minutes of vain efforts, I replaced the receiver.

"What next?" I asked.

Gloria didn't know. She was afraid, she moaned. So was I, but I wasn't going to admit it. I had a foreboding of disaster, of horror, of tragedy. "If we just knew what had happened at the plant," I said slowly. "I suppose we could go down."

Gloria shivered and wanted to know how.

"What about a car? You can drive, can't you?"

She couldn't. I might have known. When she went any place, the chauffeur drove her. But there were cars in the garage—Andy had one and Irven. And there was a station waggon.

I made swift decision. "All right," I said. "Let's go. I can drive a car anyway. At least we can find out what's happened. With any luck we'll run into the others."

Unfortunately Gloria didn't like the idea. She was afraid, she confessed, that Mamma wouldn't like it. But she was more afraid of staying alone, that being the alternative I held out to her, so that in the end she went to dress.

I never changed faster in my life. I threw on slacks, a sweater, my fur coat. I was ready and waiting long before Gloria, and I utilised the spare time in trying to contact the plant. No luck. The lines were still busy.

I don't know what Gloria wore, something fussy and inappropriate, I imagine. Her eyes leaped to my slacks. She said, "Oh, I like slacks. I wish I had some. Mamma won't let me wear them, though—she says I'm too heavy."

It was a song of which I had already wearied. I surveyed her dispassionately. "You are, rather," I told her. "Being fat seems to cut you out of a lot of things, doesn't it? Why don't you try reducing?"

Like all those who willingly hold up their own faults, she hadn't wanted me to agree with her. Now that I had, she was hurt. She followed me downstairs, her lips drooping.

The garage, which was an old barn rebuilt, stood a hundred feet back of the house. It showed a line of curtained windows above the double doors. I flashed my torch upward. I said, "What about your chauffeur? He'll hear us if we take a car out, won't he?"

"Oh, he could drive us!" Gloria said, heartened at the notion of man-protection. "There's a bell here. I'll ring."

But no pressure upon the bell evoked the chauffeur. Reluctantly Gloria took her hand away. "He's gone," she told me, wide-eyed.

I was bored. "Of course he's gone. Everybody is but you and me, and if you ever get that door open we'll be gone too! Hurry, can't you?"

The garage was an empty void save for the station waggon. It hadn't been used for some time—"not since we were at the lake," as Gloria volunteered. The gas was low, but luckily Eldon, the chauffeur, was the prudent sort who kept an emergency supply. Thank goodness, the tyres were up, the oil sufficient, and when I turned the key the engine caught with a reassuring roar.

By dint of much turning and twisting and backing, I got it out at last and we were ready to go. Gloria closed the garage doors and then made the seat beside me in one jump, like a frightened rabbit.

I had my hands full with the station waggon. It was old and bumpy, and since the streets of Edgewater were either up or down, I prayed that the brakes were better than they felt. Gloria wasn't much help either. She sat, crouched together, and audibly regretted our decision to leave the house.

IT transpired that my half-hour's estimate of distance from the Gardner residence wasn't a bad one. In spite of the lack of traffic, the icy streets were slowing our time. I didn't dare trust the brakes too much.

But presently we found ourselves in the slightly less-dead business section and I turned the car to run down Third Street, which skirts the disreputable part of Edgewater. Blessedly, no one had told Gloria that, so I was spared her lamentations.

I took the viaduct over her protest. "Why are you going this way? You'll only have to come back!"

"I know," I told her. "I thought perhaps we could get an idea of what had happened. Smoke or fire or something."

But we couldn't. Only the chimneys were in sight.

We had to cut back after leaving the viaduct along a narrow unlighted road that debouched suddenly, after endless bumping, into a wide paved road that led directly to the plant. It was approximately six blocks long. After some three, the highway intersected and at once we found ourselves halted by the press of traffic.

The main highway once we had passed the intersection was solid with cars as far as I could see. They weren't workers' cars either, for Andy'd told me the plant provided its own parking space. No, they belonged to other people, the curious, casual sightseers. Gloria's message had been correct—something terrible had happened at the plant. These people had learned of it and come to see.

There were other cars behind us now. Their lights trailed us in a crawling procession. I couldn't go ahead and I couldn't go back. "We'll have to walk from here," I told Gloria, and recklessly swung the station waggon over the kerb and out into the comparative freedom of a vacant lot. I turned off the engine and looked at her. "Come on," I said.

Queer how the news of tragedy or accident gets about. We weren't the only walkers. Other people were doing as we had done, abandoning their cars and pressing toward the great sweep of buildings that now loomed before us. They talked as they went. No one seemed to know just what had happened, but they were all equally certain that something had. There were speculations all about us. I heard frequent mention of "sabotage."

As we came nearer to the plant, the crowds thickened. I'd hate to estimate how many people were there—a thousand, two thousand, three. Plenty when you considered how much of Edgewater lay unconcerned in sleep.

They stood in little groups. They called to us as we straggled past. They said, "You can't get any closer—the police won't let you pass!" A man ahead of me shouted back to ask what had happened. I strained for the answer, doubtful when it came. "We don't know—nobody knows. Bomb of some sort, I guess."

A bomb! That meant fire, destruction, death. Death! Fingers of ice seemed to tighten about my heart. What of Andy? Presumably he'd come down here to the plant . . .

"Come on," I said to Gloria. "Hurry up—let's run."

To be continued

"Let it run awhile till it gets properly cold."

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"	Mt. Buffalo	209	4/4
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"	Lismore	145	3/~
ADELAIDE	Vic. Harbour	82	1/8½
"	Renmark	160	3/4
PERTH	York	60	1/3
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"	Launceston	120	2/6

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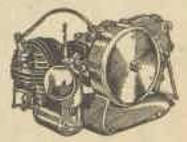

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Fashion PATTERNS

F4379.—Gay dirndl frock for those morning excursions. Wide cape sleeves and round neckline make it extra cool. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds., 36in. wide, and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/8.

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The slip features an unusual gored skirt and gathered brassiere top. The scanties are also after the manner of the slip, and have gores let into the side.

READY TO WEAR.—Slip: Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 28/6 (8 coupons); 36 to 38in. bust, 32/6 (8 coupons). **Scanties:** 34 to 36in. hips, 15/11 (2 coupons); 38 to 40in. hips, 17/11 (2 coupons). Postage, 6½d. extra for each garment.

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N.B.—When ordering, please make second color choice to avoid disappointment.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Christmas Novelties

No. 749.—The design for powder-puff case is traced on a good British cotton in colors of pink, blue, lemon, and white. The lace is not supplied. Size 5in. in diameter, 6d. each. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 750.—The pattern for this quilted bag is clearly traced on a good British cotton in colors of white, green, lemon, and blue. Design for quilting traced on white lining. Size 12in. x 18in., 5/3 each. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 751.—Design for these two d'oyleys is traced clearly on good British cotton in colors of pink, blue, lemon, and white. Lace is not supplied. D'oyley sizes are 8in. in diameter for round mat, and 5in. x 11in. for oblong mat. Price 9d. for each mat. Postage 2½d. extra.

No. 752.—Design for lovely handkerchief-case is clearly traced on a good British cotton in colors of pink, blue, lemon, and white. Lace is not supplied. Size 8in. x 11in., 2/6. Postage 2½d. extra.

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The Unlighted Face

Continued from page 5

WITHIN a few moments Ralph was talking only to her, and I was forgotten by both of them.

All that year it was the same. He talked and she listened. Her eyes were big, and soft, and intelligent. They fell in love, in spite of the fact that they were so different, or maybe because of it.

Ralph was first in his class, but he was poor, painfully poor. He would never ride in Connie's car. On the rare occasions that he took her to the movies they walked or took a bus, and that, too, was a nine days' wonder. In his spare time he was working on the town newspaper, the usual routine assignments they give beginners.

Connie went with him occasionally—to cover a tenement fire or a night in police court. It always surprised him that she just sat and waited and he always said, "Constance is a virtue," and she loved that.

Then Ralph graduated, and went to get a real job with a big city newspaper. The Army had turned him down because of his eyes, and the Navy practically laughed at him.

He sent me a card at Christmas and an occasional postcard. Sometimes he'd run up for a week-end to see the whole crowd. Then Connie would reappear and hang round until he was ready to go with her. I couldn't help noticing that she was still doing the waiting.

Connie failed in chemistry our senior year. It was the second time and she stayed another year to make it up. I came home and got a job. That was how I met Dr. Bates first. He came to our house to see my father. I was flattered that he very pointedly waited to be introduced to me.

The next evening he took me to the movies. We got along very well. I'd grown up in a house where everybody talked medicine, and he told me about his budding practice. He asked me to come and see his office. Did I think the water-color in the waiting-room should be here over the sofa, or there over the desk? I almost gasped when I saw the office. It's done in cream-colored wood with soft blue upholstery, and all the expensive magazines, right up to the current issues.

"You're starting out on a grand scale, aren't you?" I asked hesitantly.

"Give 'em atmosphere and they don't complain about the fees. At present I'm still strapping sprained ankles and lancing boils, but that's not going to last. Eventually I can pick my cases. Surgery. That's where the money is."

It did not seem to me that those words expressed a deep devotion to the business of healing, but I refused to think about it. I reasoned that he wanted to make money so he could get married. Perhaps to me. Girls like to think that way.

I wasn't used to being rushed, and he was very attentive. We went riding in the country on Sundays. We saw every picture that came to town. People were even beginning to ask us out together.

In the spring he drove me back to college, just to say hello to everybody. I introduced him to my biology professor and left him there when I ran up to see the girls. I asked about Constance.

"My dear, it was just too, too ghastly," they told me. "He's dropped her, you know. Oh, yes, this Wednesday, in the middle of chem lab . . . was it Wednesday? Yes . . . Well, Connie put her head down on her table and started to cry. Right like that! It seems Ralph had come back to see her the night before and they had one whale of a fight, and he left early this morning on the milk train.

"Nobody knew what to do, there in the lab, but it was all over in a minute. She holds her head so high these days that nobody would dare to go over to her, or say anything. It seems so impossible that Constane Lacey could really break her heart over just one man, there are so many in the world . . ."

They started to go into it in detail, but I had to collect Alfred Bates and start for home. I must have been awfully quiet, because he kept asking me what I was thinking about.

I was glad for him when Mrs. Lacey became his patient. First she had a bad ear, and then it was hay fever injections. What more natural than for her to ask him to dinner?

When Connie came home I'd been going out with him all winter and spring and had begun to have a possessive attitude toward him. I wasn't even enlightened by the way he used to sneer at some of the young couples we knew. "I can't see myself shovelling coal and staying home nights with a baby." Or he'd say, "I'll have a chauffeur come to the hospital for me so I won't have to drive home after operating."

We never actually broke off or even quarrelled. It was just that the phone calls became less frequent, and I heard he was taking Constance dancing at the new night-club. Then they were engaged.

I heard, all over town, how lovely her ring was and how happy her mother was. Then I saw Constance. Usually an engaged girl's face lights up the room. Constance's ring does that for her; her face is empty. When you see them at a concert or at a lecture, Mrs. Lacey is talking busily to Alfred. Connie smokes and looks into the smoke and says nothing. Her nails are long and lacquered, her hair is beautifully smooth, her clothes are trim and luxurious.

Mrs. Lacey had a party first for all the girls Connie had grown up with and a few of her friends from college. I felt very strange, going to her house, but it was a lovely party. Everything was arranged by a caterer, all the fancy little cakes and candies, the pink napkins with "happiness" embroidered on them.

Then there was a gush of parties, mostly showers. There were luncheons and bridge parties and dinners at night to which the men were also invited. Mother and I went to a few of these events. I felt that we ought to entertain her, too, but Mother said there was no reason for the contagion to spread to us. She thought it would be enough for me to take Constance to lunch.

That's what I'm going to do today. She'll come to the office for me in Dr. Bates' car. Yesterday the thought of riding in it with her seemed dreadful to me. To-day it doesn't matter. For last night Ralph was here.

We had just started dinner when the doorbell rang. My mind was so full of thoughts of Constance that I wasn't really too surprised to see Ralph. It was as if he had materialised out of my thoughts.

I opened the door and said, "Why, hello, Ralph," and stood aside so that he could come in.

He walked into the hall and straight down as if he'd been there before. The light was on in the dining-room and Ralph stood in the doorway and looked at my family. I was right behind him, very flustered and nervous. "This is Ralph Banner," I said.

Father looked over his glasses and said, "How do you do," but Mother came over and said, "We've heard a lot about you and now we're so glad to meet you. Louise will take your coat."

He said vaguely, "I didn't realise it was dinner-time. I was passing through and I just wanted to say hello to Louise. . . ." But he was sitting down at our table and Mother was setting another place for him.

She was saying, "It's nice to have a young man sitting in this seat again. My two big boys are in the Navy now."

She started to tell him about the boys, and I was so embarrassed I could hardly eat. I knew he'd come to see Constance and they were acting as if he'd come to see me.

After dinner I helped mother with the dishes and Ralph sat on the kitchen stool and talked to us. He leaned over, as he was talking, and picked the coconut shreds off the remains of the layer cake.

"Constance used to do that," I said. "She sat on that stool and nibbled when we were kids."

He looked up at me and said, "I went to see her, as you've probably guessed."

I didn't say anything, nor did mother, and he went on, "She wrote to me. Asked me to come to see her."

We didn't know what to say and he continued, "She isn't going to be very happy with that guy, is she?"

Mother said very quietly, "Constance isn't going to be very happy with anyone, I'm afraid."

He stared at her, surprised that anybody over thirty knew anything about affairs of the heart. "That's what I decided, too. A year ago. She's pretty mixed up, and it goes back to when she was born and her mother decided what she'd be. I had a crush on her once."

Mother said, "Did you?" As if it were all over and not very important. Then I decided for sure it was all over for him.

All at once Ralph was telling mother all about the whole affair, just leaving out a few things that don't sound well when a man says them about a girl he used to like.

"You know, since I've been out of school it all seems different," he said at last. "When we were undergraduates it was very romantic; poor boy in love with rich girl who is willing to forsake luxury to marry him. But now, with the war and all, there doesn't seem to be time for Constance." He hesitated. "I mean she seems to be living in another world."

Ralph went on as if mother were our age. "I wanted to join up. I couldn't. I had to convince myself a couple of years ago that somebody has to work on newspapers and that's what I know how to do best. But I can't make myself accept a girl who's too spineless to do something in times like these—to make something out of herself—just because she's dominated by her mother. There isn't time for such problems. There are too many real problems."

He got up and walked round the room. I realised that I had been silly to worry about his noticing that we needed new linoleum. Suddenly he looked at the clock and said, "Oh, gosh, I have to make a train."

I ran out to get his coat and Mother called after me, "Why don't you walk down to the station with him, Louise? It's early and you've been cooped up in that office all day."

I talked as we walked down the street to make the stillness not so quiet. I told him about my nurses' aide work and Saturday nights at the canteen.

"Like to dance with soldiers?" he asked.

I was silent. "I like to dance," I said shortly.

"Did I ever dance with you, in school?"

"No."

He sighed. "I guess we're pretty dumb when we're young."

"Well, Father says—that's one compensation for growing old."

The idea of growing old was so very far from both of us that we laughed and he took my arm to cross the street.

It was only three blocks to the station and we walked slowly and didn't say any more until just outside the ticket office.

Then I knew that I had to ask something even if it made him angry. I stopped in the shadow, beyond the overhead light, and said, "Why did you come when Connie asked you?"

"I had to." He spoke easily, as if he had no painful emotions about it. "I'm sorry for her. I thought maybe I could help. I can't. I went up to her house this afternoon, met her stuffed-shirt boyfriend and that battle-axe of a mother of hers and had a few words alone with Connie. Then I left. It was a mistake. I never should have come here."

"Oh."

"I don't mean that. I'm glad I came now. I mean—oh, look, Louise, I feel silly getting romantic with you after all these years. If I wrote to you, would you answer?"

"Of course."

"Another thing. If I should come up this way again, say in a couple of weeks, to see you, would you mind?"

"No."

The train came into the station with a terrific roar and it drowned out whatever he said, but that didn't matter because his arms were around me and we were kissing each other so hard he almost missed the train.

And to-day, when I go out to lunch with Constance, she will tell me about her wedding plans and the redecoration of her house, and I shall just listen politely.

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Management wants to produce.

The public wants to buy.

The country wants prosperity.

Yet good times have been held up by an agony of strikes.

Strikes breed bitterness . . . hunger . . . and economic stagnation.

For the sake of our country, let's change this! Change it fast. Time is running out!

Let's work out a way to get—and keep—industrial peace and prosperity.

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You Gotta Get Up

Continued from page 7

THE first sergeant went down to the Nissen hut to see Jasper Wing.

"Egbert has got to have his shelves to-day," he said. "Why don't you do it to-day and then go to bed to-morrow? I'll fix it."

"I don't feel like it," Jasper Wing said.

"Why don't you tell me about things like this ahead of time? What am I supposed to do when you don't warn a guy?"

Jasper Wing didn't answer. The first sergeant went out. The motor officer hailed him. "Hey, where's Jasp? Something haywire with our six-by-six. The boys say it's maybe the ignition. Where's Jasp?"

"He's working for Lieutenant Egbert, sir, on some stock shelves."

"Well, he can take off a few minutes to fix that truck, or there won't be any stock to put on the shelves."

"Couldn't you send the truck to the maintenance shop, sir?"

"Sure. Work orders. Reports. Channels. And get it back next week. Jasp can fix that six-by-six in ten minutes. He doesn't have a thing to do all day long. He doesn't even have any regular job. But try and find him."

"I'll see what I can do, sir."

"You'll see? He'd better show up pronto, or I'll find out why not."

The first sergeant strode back into the Nissen hut, determination on his face. Jasper Wing was sleeping peacefully. The first sergeant regarded the sleeping man while determination changed to helplessness. He tiptoed out.

The warrant officer hailed him. "Where's Jasp? He was going to string those wires in the supply-room. We can't work without light."

"I'll see if I can find him, sir."

"Don't you know where your men are? I'd like to know what Jasp does all day long. You get hold of him and shoot him over to the supply-room."

"Yes, sir." The first sergeant went into the orderly room. The Old Man said, "Didn't Jasp finish those letter trays he promised me this morning?"

"No, sir. He ran out of nails."

The Old Man shook his head. "I don't know what that man does. I'll have to assign him a job where we can keep track of him."

The mess officer came in. "If Jasp don't fix those field ranges there won't be any chow cooked," he said. "It'll be cold C rations."

"Lieutenant Fibbs wanted him to fix a six-by-six," the first sergeant said.

At that moment Lieutenant Fibbs came storming in. "Jasp isn't making any stock shelves for the depot," he said. "I've been over there. I want to know why I'm given the run-around when I ask for a man."

The warrant officer came in. "Did you find Jasp? We can't work in the dark."

The Old Man said with quiet formality, "Sergeant, where is Private Wing?"

The first sergeant swallowed. "Sir, he's in bed."

"Bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"He didn't get up."

"Is he sick?"

"He just said he didn't feel like getting up."

"If you can't control your men, sergeant, you might report to an officer who can."

"Yes, sir."

"A fine kettle of fish," the warrant officer said. "You told me he——"

"I'll go down and see him," the Old Man said. "Come with me, sergeant . . . The rest of you men have work to do, I suppose."

"Hello, captain," Jasper Wing said when the Old Man came in.

"Why are you in bed?" asked the captain.

"I don't feel like getting up, sir."

"I'll have you taken to the dispensary."

"I'm not sick, sir."

"Of course he's sick, sir," the first sergeant said. "He has to be sick. He's worked harder than anybody in this outfit for three years. Always on the go and cutting hair at night, and never missed a roll call before. He don't just stay in bed for no reason."

"Are you going to get up?" the Old Man said.

"No, sir."

"You know the seriousness of what you're doing?"

"Yes, sir," Jasper Wing said, stretching.

"Why are you doing this?"

"I just don't feel like getting up, sir."

As he went out, the Old Man said to the first sergeant, "I don't understand it. Never a bit of trouble for three years, and now this. That makes it hard for me to take disciplinary action. I wish I didn't know about it."

"I tried not to tell you, sir."

"You might have tried a little harder. G.Is are supposed to stick together, aren't they? A lot of stuff goes on that I don't know about officially. That's part of your job. Can't you take responsibility, sergeant? Why do you put this on my head?"

"I'm sorry, sir."

"I just can't ignore it. Think of the precedent. What would happen if I did nothing about it? I'll call the dispensary. The man must be sick."

"What if he's screwy, sir?"

"Screwy? Why, Jasper Wing is the sanest man in the Army."

"Yes, sir. But if he ain't sick, then it has to be something in his head. Otherwise he wouldn't of stayed in bed. What if they give him a Section Eight?"

"Good grief!" the Old Man said. "We'd be lost if Jasp got a medical discharge. Who could take his place?"

"He might feel different to-morrow," the first sergeant said. "I was just going to say nothing about it and let him rest up to-day. He's got a day coming anyhow, the way he's worked."

"He certainly has," the Old Man agreed readily. "We might even give him a forty-eight."

"Well, sir, there's an awful lot of things waiting on him."

"They'll have to wait. We'll give him a twenty-four. When did he have his last twenty-four-hour pass?"

"He ain't never had a twenty-four, sir."

"You mean this man has never had a twenty-four? Never?"

"He used to figure on it a few times, the first couple of years. But something always kept coming up. We never could spare him for more than a Sunday afternoon and occasionally an evening pass."

"Sergeant, why don't you tell me these things? That's no way to treat a man. He's on pass to-day. Of course he is."

"Yes, sir. But a man can't spend his pass in bed, sir."

"He can spend his pass in bed if I say he can!"

"Yes, sir."

"Yes, he's on pass," the Old Man said with satisfaction. "And he certainly has it coming. It's my responsibility to look after my men."

A jeep was standing before the orderly room. Colonel Thistlefoot from battalion was inside carrying a midget radio.

"Where's your man?" he said. "His barber shop's locked up."

"Was Wing going to cut your hair, sir? I'm sorry; he's on pass."

"On pass? I had an appointment with him. And he was going to fix my radio. Can't I depend on your man?"

"Emergency pass, sir," the first sergeant put in smoothly. "He has relatives over here and there was sickness in the family. He told me to say he was sorry about the haircut, and could you come to-morrow."

The Old Man shot the first sergeant a thankful glance.

"Well, that makes it different," the colonel said. "I'll leave the radio and pick it up to-morrow when I come for the haircut. Say ten o'clock."

"I'll tell Wing, sir."

"Now that I'm here I'll take chow and look around. Nothing formal. Just look around, captain."

The Old Man blinked. "Yes, sir. But I wasn't expecting you."

"Nothing formal, captain. Nothing formal." the coloned said genially.

But the colonel's happy mood degenerated by the minute. First it was cold C rations to eat. ("Morale of the men depends on food. There's no excuse for this.") Then he found stock in the depot on a damp floor instead of on shelves. ("After they've made the stuff and got it through the U-boats, you treat it like this.") The stock was inadequate in critical items because a truck was broken down. ("You always have an answer, don't you, captain?") The supply room was black as a pocket. ("What don't you want me to see in here?")

"It's perhaps a good thing I dropped in informally, captain," he said. "Your outfit always has looked so spick-and-span on formal inspections."

The Old Man said nothing. He'd already tried to explain.

"I'll walk through the barracks and see how they are day by day," the colonel said.

"Sir, I wasn't expecting you," the Old Man said.

"That's exactly the point."

In the first Nissen hut a man was sleeping. Luckily nothing could be seen but the top of his head.

"What's that man doing here?"

"Man doing here?" the Old Man said.

"He was on duty last night," the first sergeant said.

Jasper Wing yawned and pulled the covers from his face.

"Hello, colonel," he said.

"Hello, Wing." The coloned turned to the Old Man. "And just why was it necessary to lie to me about this man being on pass?"

"He is on pass, sir. Twenty-four-hour pass."

"So I see. Visiting his sick relatives."

"Relatives, sir?" Jasper Wing said. "I'm an orphan."

"Sir," the Old Man said, "if you'll step outside I'll try to explain."

"We'll stay right here and you'd better explain."

"Well, sir," the Old Man said, "Private Wing decided to stay in bed to-day."

"Was he on duty last night?"

"Well—no, sir."

"Then why didn't he get up?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did you ask him?"

"Certainly, sir."

"What did he say?"

"He said he felt like staying in bed."

"And that was that," the colonel said acidly. "If a man wants to stay in bed, that settles it in the Army. Of course there was nothing you could do. He was a full private and you're only the commanding officer. You couldn't do a thing. Your hands were tied. You might have at least called me in a crisis like this. I think I'll spend a little time digging into this outfit you're supposed to be running. Cold food, stock on the damp floor, trucks deadlined, and heaven knows what you're hiding in that dark supply room. And if a man decides not to get up, that settles it."

"Sir," the Old man said, "Private Wing has had a perfect record for three years. As willing a worker as I've got in my company. A genius in a way—my handy man. If he'd been up, the field ranges would be working and the shelves made and the truck running and your radio fixed and your hair cut. It put me in a bad spot. I didn't like to take disciplinary action with a man like that. And he's never had a twenty-four-hour pass in three years. It's irregular, but I decided to call this a pass. I thought one was due to him."

"And why didn't he have a pass?"

"There were always so many things to do."

The colonel sat on the bunk opposite Wing. He got out a cigarette, offered one to the private, and held a light.

FLICKING out the light, the colonel said:

"Maybe you can tell me about it."

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you get up to-day?"

"I didn't feel like it, sir."

"I see. And when do you think you might feel like it?"

"I don't know, sir."

"To-morrow?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Next week?"

"I don't know, sir."

"I see." The colonel considered a while, smoking reflectively. Jasper Wing smoked reflectively.

"If I gave you a direct order," the colonel said, "would you get up?"

"I wouldn't want to make that decision," Jasper Wing said.

The colonel nodded. He was an old guy, too, around thirty.

"I've been a private," he said. "You've been a private three years, but too good a man to spare for a pass. You go to bed a few hours and the whole outfit falls apart. Yet they pull the TO on you. You're not in a job that calls for a rating. There's no place in the Table of Organisation for you."

"I understand all that, sir."

"I'm going to ask you just one more question, Wing. I want a straight answer, yes or no."

"Yes, sir."

"Would a corporal's rating make all the difference?"

Jasper Wing's eyes were steady.

"Yes, sir," he said.

And next morning Corporal Jasper Wing got out of bed at the whistle.

Proving there's always a way in the Army. But the next guy who tried it found himself in the guardhouse.

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Animal Antics

"Joe oughta change his act. He's gotta sort of hang-dog look these days."

IN a suburban newspaper we came across what we consider the last note of desperation as far as accommodation wanted is concerned.

"Not refined, quiet, or anything; nevertheless urgent need room or flatette," read the small ad.

We rang up the lady advertiser just to inquire if this unusual plea had brought any results.

"I've put in a dozen ads describing myself as a quiet, refined business girl," she told us. "They didn't bring any results.

"And this hasn't either," she concluded mournfully.

★ ★ ★

OUR London office reports that one of the signs that British men are home again is the thousands of neatly clipped hedges outside surburban homes.

WORTH Reporting

Hands across the sea

OUR mail from England brings us many letters asking if we could put the writers in touch with pen-friends. We regret we are not able to cope with this request. We also hear from many of our readers who would like to write to English people.

Last week's mail brought one letter which puts the matter on a more official basis.

It was from an ex-servicewoman, Miss Irene Burder, of London, who has formed an organisation called Worldwide Pen Friends.

Requests for pen-friends should state the following particulars:

Name and permanent address.

Which country of the Empire they would prefer to write to.

Would they prefer to write to a man or a woman?

How many friends can they write to?

What are their chief interests?

Say whether they are under 18, under 30, under 40, or over 40.

Applicants must be British subjects.

Miss Burder's address is c/o The Overseas League, St. James, London.

Actress turned nurse

NEW ZEALAND actress Nola Luxford, who arrived in Sydney recently in the Marine Falcon as nurse to a sick Australian sailor, Ronald Machin, gave up the lead in "Private Lives" in New York to accompany the boy to Australia.

Miss Luxford went to New York some years ago and toured Europe with United Services Organisation, playing in "Double Dare" and "Junior Miss" in France, Germany, and Austria.

She had just returned from the tour when she heard of Machin's plight through the Emergency Committee of the New York Anzac Club, of which she is president.

Ronald Machin, who comes from Perth, had been put off a Norwegian vessel suffering from T.B., and had spent 15 months in American hospitals.

"Our club has helped hundreds of Australian and New Zealand servicemen who were in difficulties, and I took up the boy's case with the authorities to see if he could be returned home to his family," Miss Luxford said.

The Australian Government was willing to pay his fare, but he needed a full-time nurse for the trip over and the necessary £625 could not be raised.

"Miss Ruby Crawford, an Australian nurse in New York, was going to accompany him, but it could not be arranged, so I decided to come myself," Miss Luxford said.

Slim, blue-eyed, and attractive, Miss Luxford had planned to visit New Zealand in December and is going there from Sydney.

She will do a number of broadcasts and radio plays in New Zealand before returning to America.

Frustration

SUCH lovely unrelated rhymes
Come into my head at times,
Like Harrogate and prevaricate,
Or icicle and bicycle;
Syntax, which matches up with tintacks,
Or haystack, which is cute with facepack.
It makes me curse
That in this verse
My only excuse for mentioning "zircon"
Is because I haven't a theme to work on.

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

British bulldog

WHEN Maythorp British Oak, £260 pedigreed bulldog pup, arrived from England recently, he brought his own diet chart with him.

Beau, as he is more familiarly known, has light refreshment in the early morning, breakfast at 9.30, lunch at 12, and dinner at 7 p.m. He loves herrings and sardines, may eat cheese, drink weak tea. He may eat no pork; chew beef bones only.

His new owner, Miss Cecily Booth, of Randwick, Sydney, bought the pup at two months old, is now waiting for him to complete his two months in quarantine, where she may visit him three times weekly.

Later, she plans to import a highly pedigreed bitch from England, which she will mate with Beau.

When materials become available she intends to build him a de-luxe kennel along the lines of a miniature bungalow, with sleeping quarters complete with raised bunk and fibro mattress, a sun-room, and fenced back-yard.

Because bulldogs can't stand heat, Beau's kennel will be air-conditioned in summer.

Miss Booth, who has not bred dogs before, hopes by the importation of this highly pedigreed blood to raise the standard in Australia of a traditionally British breed.

Composed safety song

MRS. THELMA TALBOT, of Adelaide, has just been presented with the recording made by the noted English comedian Arthur Askey of the children's road safety song for which she composed the music.

She and her colleague, Joan Elmer, who wrote the words, were teachers at the Gilles Street School when they collaborated on the song. When Sir Ernest Fisk went to England he took it with him and arranged for Arthur Askey to sing it for the recording. It is being used as propaganda all over England.

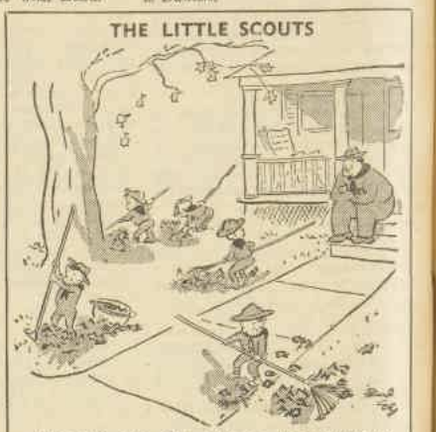
Six copies were sent to Australia, and Mrs. Talbot's was presented to her during a recent National Safety Council campaign.

★ ★ ★

THE Australian author Kylie Tennant will soon see the first foreign translation of one of her novels.

The book chosen for translation is "The Battlers," and the language is Danish.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"Are you sure, Mr. Johnson, that raking up leaves is part of woodcraft?"

Not wanted in her own Son's home!

It wasn't as though Mrs. Martin was an interfering type. She'd brought up John without a husband to help her. She'd given that boy everything she had. Then he married—and suddenly she found . . .

THEN THE BIG DISCOVERY

SOME WEEKS LATER

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."

W.164.81

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Left with the baby

By ANNE CHESNEY

WHEN I was a wide-eyed University fresher, someone suggested that I take up baby-minding on odd evenings when there was a spot of studying to be done.

Nothing was simpler, they assured me. All you had to do was keep a vague eye on the sleeping infant while its parents were away, and the rest of the time was your own.

By the time you collected your fee, you would have learnt two centuries of Ancient History and written a 3000-word essay in an atmosphere of undisturbed peace and quiet.

It sounded a gift.

When I look back on it I find my deep antipathy to all members of the human race under the age of 18 dates from those baby-minding days.

I graduated from a very hard school of baby-minders.

With all the dignity of an old-established firm, they had rejected the Americanised term, "sitter," and referred to baby-minders by the graceful, old-world title of "custodians."

Standard of admission to their books was high. First came a personal appearance test, then followed a rigorous third degree as to experience and familiarity with the various ailments babies can develop.

A certificate of first-aid, home nursing, and membership of the Gould League of Bird Lovers usually solved that one, but if you were one of a family of 13 it was even better.

Then came the rules. Don't be misled into thinking baby-minding is a thing that can come naturally. Its rules of procedure are as formal and impressive as those for being presented to Royalty.

On arrival at the assignment (scheduled for at least 15 minutes before the parents are due to leave) the custodian should:

Greet the parents with that judicious mixture of sobriety and trustworthiness calculated to impress them at once with your more solid qualities.

Inspect the infant and learn all the little idiosyncrasies which distinguish Junior from other children. (This could run to hours, but as they have to be at the pictures at eight they usually keep the rest of it until they get home).

While they are unburdening themselves, you locate the radio, the ice-box, the cake-tin, and any other essentials to baby-minding. Should any of these be absent you are entitled to assume an expression of slightly patronising disdain until the matter is rectified.

We now come to sub-section D (a) of rules of procedure. I quote: "As soon as the parents leave, the custodian is required to make a tour of the house or flat and see that all doors are locked, the gas is turned off, and no lights are being wasted."

The rest is then up to you and the baby.

My impression of babies over the years is that they are usually O.K. while sleeping.

It's only when they are awake that you realise what perfect little horrors other people's children can be.

In the best-run households the parents should have achieved the difficult task of getting the baby off to sleep before the baby-minder arrives.

This usually accounts for haggard looks, frayed tempers, and a last-minute rush before leaving.

Some parents are more cunning, however.

"He woke up about ten minutes ago, the little pet, but he'll just drop off to sleep any moment now," they lie exultantly, while Junior's howls shake the china on the mantelpiece.

"Dear me, it's getting late. We must fly," and off they go, happily conscious that for four hours they can escape Junior's idiosyncrasies at a wonderful party down the road.

A number of courses are open to the baby-minder alone in the house with a squalling infant.

She can:—

Turn the wireless up loud enough to drown the noise and hope that the baby will give up the unequal contest.

Go in and threaten terrible consequences if it does not keep quiet and go to sleep instantly.

Sing lullabies and rock it gently for the next two hours, during which time it goes through the whole pantomime of pretending to fall asleep and waking up again when you reach the door, with monotonous insistence.

Bedtime stories

OF the three I favor the first myself, as it is less trouble. The second is often ineffectual, the baby being so used to such proceedings that it has become blase. The third is a craven method, anyhow.

With older children the game becomes more complicated.

Sub-section E (c) of the rules states that the custodian as part of his fee shall "render lullabies, tell bedtime stories, or carry out any other suitable measure to put the child to sleep."

Sometimes these measures have to take the form of extravagant promises, such as: "Mummy will take you shopping to-morrow and buy you enough sweets to sink a battleship if you close your little eyes and go sleepy-bye."

As the future explanations lie with the parents, you feel no qualm about such tactics.

Sometimes, however, the little dears demand bedtime stories, and in this case it is as well to have come armed with "Mother Goose" and a book of child psychology.

Impromptu bedtime stories leave the modern youngster cold, as I discovered with one young cynic aged four-and-a-half.

Attempts to repeat the dear old story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears were coldly interrupted with the comment that "Doffa," some mysterious expert in bedtime story-telling, did not tell the story like that.

The version I finally got from him left me a little staggered. The Three Bears had become black marketeers, and Goldilocks was a sort of glorified F.B.I. agent.

She had come snooping around in their absence, found three piles of nylons hidden beneath the cushion of the chair, and handcuffed the lot of them while they were finishing their porridge. The biggest one, Bertie the Bear, got three years, the second one two years, and the youngest one was let off on a bond.

It is as well to stick to the printed word on bedtime stories . . . there's less chance of a long discussion developing and defeating the whole purpose of the thing.

Having got them to sleep, you can then relax for a while—perhaps.

Until the phone rings, the dog barks, or you trip over something in the hall and they wake up again.

Parents, too, can be troublesome, particularly if it's a first baby and they have not been sufficiently impressed by your "Old Faithful" appearance.

"When the parents ring to inquire how baby is going, it is as well to humor them and make your bulletins as imaginative as possible."

One family I struck insisted on ringing at hourly intervals from the pictures to see if Baby was all right.

In cases like this it is as well to humor them and make your bulletins as imaginative as possible.

Pacify them

"HE moved once at 2100 hours, gave a sort of gurgle, and seemed to salute with his left hand," you tell the anxious R.A.N. father. "Then he turned back on his side, kicked the blankets off, and went to sleep. He's now snoring to his little heart's content."

Knowing you've got them at a disadvantage, you can even afford to be playfully strict with parents like this.

"Now, you go right back inside that picture show and enjoy yourselves," you say. "Baby's perfectly happy sitting here with me eating salt pretzels and playing with Daddy's paper-knife. He's scored two direct hits on the cat already. A lovely child."

You can then go back to studying your physics with a clean conscience.

There's one other class of children that has not been mentioned yet—the worst trial of all.

These are the exhibitionists, the ones who will make the salesmen of the next generation, and who insist on dragging out all their toys, books, and favorite articles of clothing for approval and admiration.

Nothing can dissuade them. You say coldly that you are not interested, that you detest all the things they have shown you so far, and that surely they can give you credit for a little imagination. It's no good.

By the time they finally fall asleep, the room is littered with the weirdest conglomeration of things, all of which have to be restored to their rightful place by the harassed minder before the parents return.

There's a two-to-one chance that they wake up again while you're doing this and want to go through the whole procedure again, with various additions which had so far been overlooked.

At last the parents return, you lie gallantly about how good the child has been, and are free to go. As you stand outside in the street clutching your fee, you are aware that it is almost midnight, and you are several miles from home.

So you usually end up by blueing the whole sum on the first taxi that comes cruising past.

OUR COVER . . . back-stage scene at fashion parades

On our cover this week artist John Mills gives his impression of activities behind the scenes at one of The Australian Women's Weekly's forthcoming Paris Fashion Parades. A group of mannequins is admiring Carole, who wears a Paquin bridal gown which will be seen at the parades.

THE famous French fashion houses have, through décades of experience, developed a superb technique for showing off their wonderful creations.

The minutest details are worked out so that the clothes are seen to the utmost advantage.

Timing is of supreme importance. Clothes must be seen by the onlookers just long enough for them to absorb details; but not so long that their patience is tried.

There must be no delay between the showing of one frock and the next.

These are some of the things that have built up such a high standard at French fashion parades, so that clothes-conscious women all over the world long to attend them.

The Australian Women's Weekly has brought by air from Paris a collection of clothes for every occasion, created by the world's greatest French dress-designers, and they will be shown here with exactly the same technique as they are in Paris.

Madame Caroline Chambrelent, who came from Paris to direct the parades here, knows every aspect of the Paris fashion world.

When The Australian Women's Weekly sent its fashion expert, Mary Hordern, to Paris to select clothes for these parades, together with the girls to wear them, the whole idea was to give Australian women who are unable to go abroad a chance to see something they have previously been able only to read about.

The clothes selected have enormous variety. The collection runs the whole gamut of fashion from new and interesting treatment of stripes in lavish evening gowns to such ideas as the tying of beach sandals with scarves made of the same material as the swimsuit.

How to obtain tickets

- *The Paris fashion parades will be held at David Jones' beginning with a gala opening dinner on September 16, for which tickets will be £2/2/-.*

On each succeeding day there will be parades at 3.30 and 7.30 p.m., for which tickets will be 7/6.

Reservations for all sessions may be made at the special booking office on the Lower Ground Floor of David Jones' Elizabeth Street Store.

Total proceeds of these parades will aid Legacy and the Kindergarten Union.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM

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Film story of Sister Kenny

By cable from
VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Sister Kenny makes a triumphal progress across the screen, as portrayed by Rosalind Russell in the film "Sister Kenny," which was previewed here recently.

THOUGH the film is wordy, much time being allotted to speeches for and against Sister Kenny's medical foes, it is still amazingly sincere and should satisfy Australians.

No attempt was made to reproduce the Australian way of speech, which has been an abysmal failure in past films because it depicted all Australians as Cockneys.

Rosalind Russell, Dean Jagger, and others speak in their normal American voices.

Alexander Knox assumes a heavy Scotch burr in the role of Sister Kenny's doctor friend who championed her cause through years of disheartening struggles. He is Dr. Aeneas McDonald.

The first sequence of the film, depicting an outback country dance, amused me, as apparently the entire township was populated with heavy Irish brogues or Scottish accents, but after this sequence normal American voices prevailed, so great was the company's attempt not to offend Australian ears with a reproduced Australian accent.

Rosalind Russell, as Sister Kenny, drew warm applause from the critics, with many predicting that the role will win her the Academy Award.

In latter sequences her resemblance to Sister Kenny, physically and in personality, was admirable.

Most of the film is devoted to Sister Kenny's struggle to convince the medical profession that her treatment for paralysis is right.

Overcoming obstacles and fighting personal heartbreak, Sister Kenny emerges triumphant at the film's end.

Strongly reminiscent in production values of "Madame Curie" and "Louis Pasteur," this film shows graphically and in laymen's terms how the Kenny treatment is carried out.

Many human incidents among the crippled children lend warmth and humor to the story.

Producer Dudley Nicholls tried impartially to show both sides of the question in Sister Kenny's fight with certain groups in the medical profession.

Australian technical director Tal Davis watched carefully for errors in background or dialogue, but a few items escaped him.

Tal had one put over him by the wardrobe department, which rigged up Rosalind in a natty military uniform and hat showing Sister Kenny's return from the war in 1918.

It is a very free adaptation of the grey dress, norfolk jacket, grey felt hat with brown puggaree, and long grey topcoat, which our Army nurses wore then.

Australians may be disappointed in the scenery shown.

Producers evidently think that if they put enough clumps of gum-trees in every shot, then the right Australian atmosphere is automatically achieved.

Despite minor flaws, the film "Sister Kenny" will undoubtedly awaken great interest in Australia.

SISTER KENNY, who recently visited Australia, was a frequent visitor to Hollywood studios of RKO during the making of the film on her life. Here she is photographed with Beulah Bondi (left), who plays the role of Sister Kenny's mother; Rosalind Russell, as Sister Kenny; and Alexander Knox, who plays Dr. Aeneas McDonald, the country doctor who encouraged Sister Kenny to develop her treatment of infantile paralysis, in spite of much opposition from the medical profession.

Make-up not favored by James Mason

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

JAMES MASON, always ready to spring a surprise on the conventional diehards of filmdom, has now dropped a minor thunderbolt among the make-up community since taking over the role of star and producer of his own film, "The Upturned Glass."

He insists that his wife, Pamela Kellino, who plays opposite him, need not use make-up before the camera.

Jimmie, himself, has always scorned the use of make-up in his parts and the secret of his and Pamela's photogenic qualities without cosmetics is that they are both very dark.

* * *

A YOUNG American with a tailor-made film future will be demobbed soon from the U.S. Army of Occupation in Germany to live in England and learn how and what makes the wheels of a film studio go round.

He is Sam Goldwyn, jun., and his famous father has entrusted British movie magnate Arthur Rank with the job of turning his 21-year-old son into a good film producer.

* * *

AFTER 12 years of film fame, Margaret Lockwood, who is 28, yearns to taste again the warmth of personal contact with an audience, which she had for a brief appearance at 17, before film chiefs immediately snapped her up.

Margaret is hoping for at least one stage role to squeeze in between her busy commitments for films.

It is believed that if she had not struck stardom before the camera Margaret would have still become a famous West End stage personality.

* * *

WITH the press of hard-working London clerks and typists coming down to relax on a holiday in Kent, film stars Googie Withers, Jean Kent, and Australian John McCallum have cheerfully given up their hotel rooms near their location in Romney Marshes and moved into the cricket pavilion.

John said, "It is better than most of the London flats available nowadays."

THE famous Paris theatre, the Comedie Francaise, has invited its first English actress in 300 years to play there, and this honor goes to film star Pamela Stirling, who has just finished the star role in "Teheran," filmed on location in Rome.

BRIAN DONLEVY, featured in Paramount's "The Imperfect Lady," which stars Ray Milland and Teresa Wright, is visited at the studio by his solemn-eyed young daughter, Judith Ann.

Film Reviews

★★★ THE CAPTIVE HEART

THOUGH technically it is a war film of which most people are weary nowadays, Ealing of London launched "The Captive Heart" among a people thirsting for peacetime gaiety, but they will acclaim it.

The film is full of improbability because it was mainly the improbable which happened in Germany to prisoners of war.

There was a man so incredibly mean as to pinch his comrades' fags, and at the same time so incredibly noble as to give up his repatriation as a sick man to enable Michael Redgrave assume his name and escape.

Ex-POW Navy Lieutenant Guy Morgan wrote the script and went with the Ealing company to Marlag Milag Nord POW Camp after VE-day to make the film. The result is a tribute to their fairness which our boys will appreciate, because the story lays no distorted accent on German brutality, but lets the Germans condemn or acquit themselves by recording precisely in celluloid the way they behaved.

Highlight is Redgrave's portrayal of a Czech political refugee.

Mervyn Johns has a moving part as a little Welshman whose wife dies while he is a prisoner.

Handsome Derek Bond plays practically himself, because he, too, was a war prisoner.

With the exception of a few notorious camps this picture truly records the average experience of the average prisoner all over the Third Reich.—Bill Strutton, ex-POW. Victory; showing.

★★ THE RUNAROUND

IN the search for good postwar escapist comedies, Universal have brought out the plot which started years ago with "It Happened One Night," the Colbert-Gable hit. Result is fairly satisfactory, though neither Ella Raines nor Rod Cameron, the stars, has the ability or box office appeal to make the film a smashing success.

Cameron plays a private detective who is competing for a big contract with his former employer. Provider of the contract offers it to the man who can bring back his daughter, who has run away to be married.

Some double-crossing makes it appear that Miss Raines is the would-be bride, and she features in the chase from New York to San Francisco and back. Of the two stars, Cameron is the better actor; and there is some comedy from Frank McHugh.—Victory; showing.

★★ LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

FOR this excursion into heavy drama Fox has used technicolor and settings of the lushest quality. Faults are the slow direction and the inadequate acting of Gene Tierney and Cornel Wilde.

Miss Tierney as the jealous, neurotic Ellen Berent is stagy, though her beauty is startling. Cornel Wilde fails to bring a sufficiently mature approach to the role of Richard, to whom Ellen's possessive love brings a prison sentence following a murder and a suicide.

Jeanne Crain in a sympathetic role and Vincent Price as Ellen's discarded fiance are both satisfactory. Magnificent outdoor scenes and magazine-illustration indoor ones help to cover the film's shortcomings.—Regent; showing.

★★ BOYS' RANCH

FRECKLE-FACED Jackie (Butch) Jenkins and Skippy Homeier will attract most attention in MGM's junior "Boys' Town" yarn.

James Craig has the role of a rugged Texan cattleman who establishes a home for delinquent boys, and the picture is full of small boys of all types and looks. Skippy Homeier leads the band.

Master Jenkins, with the disarming grin and unruly hair, is his usual appealing self, and quaint little Sharon McManus has a good part.

Dorothy Patrick makes the most of being "mother" to the waifs, who mix comedy with drama to make a good family film.—Capitol; showing.

★ CAPTAIN TUGBOAT ANNIE

PATHOS is laid on too heavily in Republic's film starring Jane Darwell. Life on the waterfront, with feuds between tugboat owners, is the basis of the plot, but the arguments between Annie and Captain Bullwinkle (Edgar Kennedy) have all the subtlety of a sergeant-major addressing a recalcitrant private.—Lyric; showing.

KATHARINE HEPBURN chats to Robert Taylor on the set of "Undercurrent," at MGM. The film is the first for Bob since discharge from the Navy. Also in the cast are Adolphe Menjou, Robert Mitchum, Edmund Gwenn, and Marjorie Main.

ENGLISH STARS Sally Gray and Michael Wilding take a rest between scenes for the Two Cities film "Carnival," in which they co-star. Sally Gray was described by Australian ballet master Freddie Carpenter as the best pupil he ever had.

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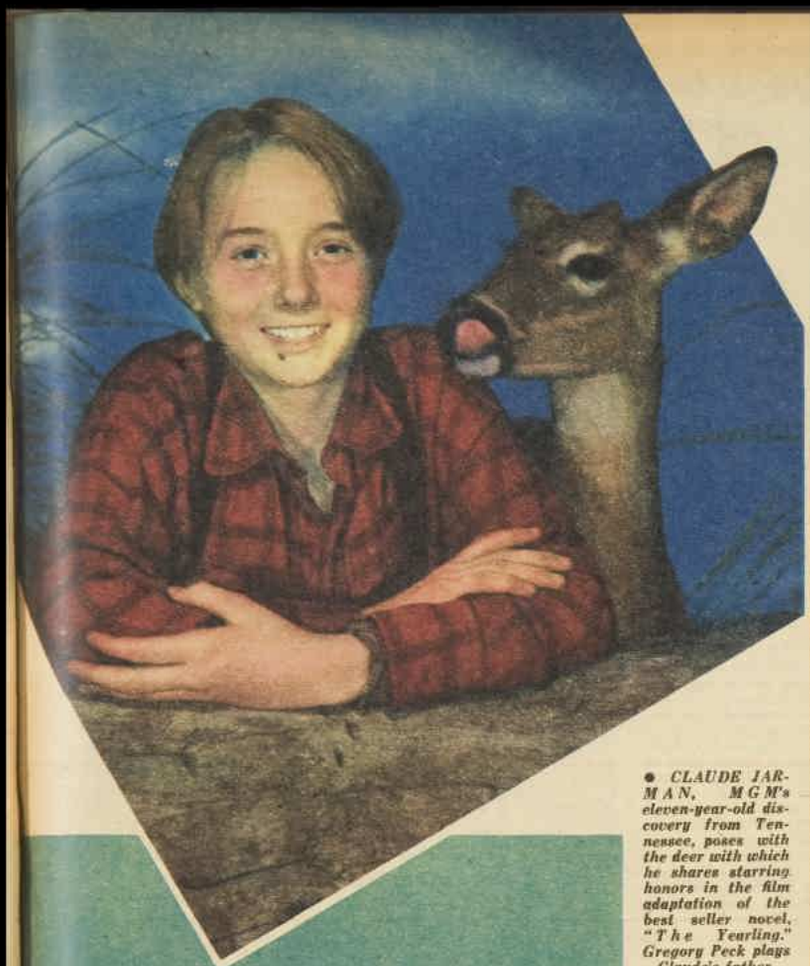

● *CLAUDE JARMAN, MGM's eleven-year-old discovery from Tennessee, poses with the deer with which he shares starring honors in the film adaptation of the best seller novel, "The Yearling." Gregory Peck plays Claude's father.*

● *BETTY SUE SIMMONS, eight-year-old actress who was given a screen opportunity by Universal, and who now has a seven-year contract. Her snub nose and dimples give her an engaging look, and she will be seen soon in "Little Miss Big."*

● *MARGARET O'BRIEN, vivid young screen personality, is now listed in America's 1946 "Who's Who." Firmly established by MGM, piquant little Maggie is working at present in "Tenth Avenue Angel."*

● *PATTY BRADY is a screen and radio veteran at the age of nine, for she began her screen career when she was six months old. She appeared on Broadway when she was six, and now she has a contract with Warners. She was cast with Errol Flynn and Eleanor Parker in "Never Say Goodbye," a romantic drama.*

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A Night in Casablanca

1 **UNKEMPT TRIO** Ronald (Groucho Marx), Rusty (Harpo), and Corbaccio (Chico) find themselves fortune-hunting in hotel in postwar Casablanca. All manage to get jobs connected with the hotel.

2 **MYSTERIOUS COUNT PFEFFERMAN** (Sig Ruman) is hotel guest and receives valet attention from very unorthodox attendant Rusty.

Marx Brothers in Riotous Comedy

AFTER four years' absence from the screen, the crazy Marx Brothers return in United Artists' streamlined comedy, "A Night in Casablanca." Stolen jewels, spies, beautiful mystery women, and a luxury hotel in Casablanca form the background for the antics of the famous trio.

Lisette Verea, a Rumanian actress, has her first big screen role.

As usual Chico plays the piano and Harpo the harp, and once again Harpo's comedy is done only by pantomime.

3 **BEAUTIFUL STRANGER** Beatrice (Lisette Verea) attracts Ronald in spite of protestations by Corbaccio.

4 **FRENCH FLIER** Pierre (Charles Drake) and Annette (Lois Collier) plan to find treasure stolen by Nazis.

5 **FEARING DISCOVERY,** Count removes treasure to the basement, but Corbaccio and Rusty follow and hide in trunks to catch gang before they escape to secret airport.

6 **PLANE ESCAPE** by gang is foiled when trio subdue crew, and police capture Nazis with help of young French couple and Beatrice, who is really a secret agent.

More cough remedy for less money...

One pint of this famous cough remedy costs you only 2/- — gives instant relief — nice to take!

Be one of the many thousands of wise mothers who keep their family cough remedy bills down by making, for the low cost of only two shillings, ONE PINT of the famous HEENZO COUGH REMEDY. You simply buy a two shilling bottle of concentrated HEENZO from your nearest chemist or store. By adding the HEENZO to sweetened water according to the easy directions supplied, you make a family supply (ONE PINT) of the best instant relief and nice-to-take family remedy for soothing sore throats, easing the chest and quickly relieving coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza. Remember, HEENZO is equally good for adults and children and it is a wise plan to have HEENZO COUGH REMEDY always in your home for immediate use at the first sign of chest and throat ailments. The quicker you act, the quicker the cure. Don't delay—from your chemist or store buy HEENZO to-day.

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Dress jewellery from Paris

¶ Delicacy of design and exquisite craftsmanship distinguish the newest dress jewellery from Paris. These photographs provide pleasing examples of earrings, lapel pieces, and a necklet in ingenious and attractive designs. They are made of gold, pearls, semi-precious stones, and ceramics, and come from famous houses, including those of Molyneux, Jacques Fath, Boucheron, Van Cleef and Arpels. Dress jewellery such as that shown here will add interest to The Australian Women's Weekly Paris fashion parades, which will shortly be presented in Australian capital cities.—MARY HORDERN.

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Tests prove LUX makes stockings last TWICE as long.

When you Lux stockings after every wearing, perspiration is whisked right out before it weakens threads. But you must use Lux. Stockings washed with Lux last *twice* as long as when you use strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

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—Mrs. E. Musson.

1/3 & 3/- a box.

Lovely Legs

● September—official herald of spring—finds us ready and eager for all the luxurious warm breezes that may care to blow our way . . .

By . . . CAROLYN EARLE

WITH one or two false signals in past weeks to tease us, at last we can really settle down seriously to our warmer weather glamor dodges — with official blessing, at least.

What's the first thing we think about when someone says: "Isn't it lovely and warm!" Right. Shedding our stockings. The seasonal bare-legged debut.

Destockinged limbs in the piercing light of day can be most attractive and healthy-looking—or not. I personally feel there is nothing more shocking to eyes accustomed to the sleek look of stockings than legs "au naturel."

It's entirely up to you.

No mere matter of simply whipping off a pair of hose you've been wearing for months past—not the same pair, of course—slipping on a set of sockettes to screen the feet from shoe linings which make bare soles hot and sticky, and being ready for the road.

Oh, no. During the winter months your legs and feet have been protected with a covering of some sort of rayon—and if they haven't they should have been, from a health point of view alone, so our medicos tell us.

Any tan hangover from last summer will have long since departed. Like it or not, your shapely under-pinnings will be pale looking, probably rough from the chill, and more than likely a bit fuzzy.

Side-stepping proportions temporarily, before you can even think of sun coating or make-up covering, you've got to get that surface smooth and shining to get the maximum result from either one.

The defurring can be done in several ways, and then, of course, all summer long you will whisk off every bit of fuzz that dares make an appearance.

You can do the job at home with cream depilatory, razor (need I remind you to slide the blade gently over the shinbone surface where the skin is thinnest?), or pumice, which rubs the fuzz off, or be professionally decoated by a wax treatment which lasts from one to three months.

For the smoothing, ten or twelve mornings in succession rub your legs briskly with wet table-salt before bathing or showering to banish the rough bits of skin.

And double indemnity comes with a daily application of your favorite hand-cream or lotion, and a once-weekly leg coating with mineral or baby oil massaged in well.

Callous heels and sandpapery knees respond to the action of a brush—bath or nail—and warm, soapy water.

Whenever you think of it—and try to remind yourself often—a thin coat of the same mineral or baby oil will help to soften this brusqueness. Haze the oil in with cotton until it disappears.

What if your legs don't measure up to belle-of-the-beach proportions? No need to fret and fume.

There are very good exercises to slim and reduce ankles and calves. Naturally, they won't become Grablesque overnight, but if you are willing to devote the time and attention, you'll get results.

Try these exercises I will give you over a period, and prove it.

Extend the good work to include the feet, too, if you're going to present bare toes to the limelight.

Massage them every time you do your legs—make a once-weekly pedicure a "must," cutting nails straight across—no curves—and filing away the rough edges with an emery board. A little practice and you'll get quite a polished finish.

Lacquer? Yes, if the feet can stand it; paint from cuticle to tip, and leave the very torrid colors to shining youth. Be fussy about the condition of the lacquer—a smooth, unchipped surface is the only basis for attractiveness.

For unknotted knuckles and that lovely flexibility go barefoot as often as you can—at home or on the beach—and in your shoeless state get right up on your toes and walk round for as long as you can without strain.

To soothe tired, hot-weather feet try this: Wrap them in soft cotton cloths soaked in witch hazel and elevate them on pillows while relaxing. The blood will circulate and your feet will begin to come alive.

For special emphasis on calf reduction, stand two or three feet from the wall. Lean forward, keeping the knees straight, and place the elbows up, fingertips to fingertips, palms straight against the wall. Push yourself into and away from the wall—often. This flattens calf muscles.

To slim the thighs, calves, and ankles: Lie on the back. Stretch legs into the air; put feet tightly together with the toes pointed up. Bend knees to the chest, raise legs into the air again, this time forming a V and pointing the toes. Drop legs outward, forming a wide V; then bring together, bend the knees, and repeat.

No girl would go out with him a second time, for his was the unforgiveable social error, Halitosis. Yet he, like most people, was quite unaware of his offence. Why risk this humiliation when you can make your breath sweet, fragrant and wholesome simply by rinsing the mouth with LISTERINE Antiseptic night and morning . . . and before social engagements.

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COUNTRY KITCHENS

By NORA S. McDOUGALL, Our Home Decorator

● The country housewife, no less than her suburban sister, needs a bright, well-planned kitchen if she is to do her job efficiently.

THIS PICTURE shows a double sink and draining-board. Cast in one piece and with rounded corners, possible leaks and grease "catchers" are eliminated. Cupboards above work benches are within easy reach of the worker.

THE country kitchen is not always as well equipped as its city or suburban counterpart. This is not a reflection on the organising ability of the man of the house, as is sometimes suggested. Rather is it the responsibility of the housewife, for, after all, the kitchen is the hub of the country home and its efficiency or inefficiency can have far-reaching effects on the well-being or otherwise of every member of the family.

The farmhouse kitchen is usually large, for more duties are performed in it, necessitating greater space. This means the housewife has to take more steps and there is a bigger area to clean. The planning, therefore, should be done with this in mind so that all unnecessary walking, bending, and cleaning are cut to a minimum, if good results are to be obtained.

The fuel stove is one of the big problems. The fuel, whether wood, coal, or coke, has to be stored and it should be handy to the stove. This is best done by installing a storage box beside it with an opening in the wall so that it may be filled from the outside; the tramp of muddy or dusty boots and the dropping of chips and dirt through the kitchen will then be eliminated.

Water is the next important item. Whether it is pumped-up by a mill or rain-drops gathered from the roof of the house, there is no reason why a pipe and tap should not be laid into the kitchen sink or beside the stove, or both.

Sinks save many steps but they should be bought with the basin and draining-board all in one. This stops grease collecting around edges and the fear of water from between the cracks leaking into underneath drawers or cupboards. An open cement drain will carry the water well away from the house and is easy to keep clean.

The busiest place in the kitchen is the sink, so the most commonly used items should be brought within easy reach of it. Plate cupboards, pot cupboards, drawers for silver and cutlery should be placed so that these items may be dried and put away almost in the one act.

The best position for a sink is under a window. This gives adequate light and circulation of air so that all moisture is soon dried and pipes aired.

A kitchen cannot have too much cupboard space, especially in the country where larger quantities of goods are stored. These cupboards may be worked out in units or built-in. But the shelves should not be too deep. Deep cupboard shelves give cause for clutter and articles become hard to find or obtain.

The inside of the cupboard should be painted white, pale cream, or very pale green in a glossy enamel paint. This may sound extravagant, but not for the housewife.

The pale color reflects the light so the darkest cupboard will look brighter and the glossy surface will be much easier to clean.

A light, bright kitchen is more pleasant to work in than one of drab or dark color, for the latter needs too much concentration to see clearly and so is oppressing. What color you choose will depend on the aspect, the district in which you live, and whether you have to combat black or red soil or—just dust. But wherever you are a cheerful kitchen is essential.

The financial outlay for these things may seem great but the dividends they pay in comfort, saving of energy, and time are well worth the expenditure.

So, if you feel that your kitchen does not measure up to standard, why not replan it in the interests of yourself and family?

MAKE IT YOURSELF . . .

Dressing-table stool

THE foundation of this dressing-table seat is an ordinary stool with a circular top, which can be made by any handyman from a box or odd pieces of pine.

First pad the top thickly with cotton wool or wadding; fit a circle of canvas or scrap-bag calico over it and nail neatly. Over this nail another circle of your chosen fabric, which can be an odd length of curtaining or hessian or material.

Cut a rectangle of the fabric, its width about 2in. more than the height of the stool and its length half as much again as the measurement all round the stool top.

Join the short ends; make a narrow hem on one long side and turn over a wide hem on the other (top of stool). Gather top edge at hemline, place around stool, draw gathers up to fit and tack the "petticoat" in place.

Make a band of double fabric 4in. wide and about twice as long as the measurement round the stool top. Run a gathering thread along it in an even zig-zag from side to side, pull up into a pretty curve and secure firmly below the frilled top of the "petticoat" with a few brass-headed tacks.

HERE'S A BIT of color and comfort for your bedroom—a dressing-table seat which you can make for a few shillings—or less.

What to do for feverish conditions

By MEDICO

"CAN you do something to bring down David's fever? He's like a ball of fire," said Mrs. Wren as I entered her flat in response to her call.

"I could do that quite easily with a drug, but such treatment would only make David's condition worse," I said.

"What causes fever?" she asked.

"Fever is one of the ways in which the body defeats bacteria that are causing an infection. Some diseases are actually treated by artificial heat to increase the fever."

"But David is so uncomfortable," she protested.

"You can cheer yourself with the thought that the germs which are causing the fever are even more uncomfortable," I replied.

"Should I put extra bedclothes on him to sweat out the fever?" she asked.

"We know now that no advantage is gained by excessive sweating in fever. The sweat contains only water and some salt. The sweat glands were designed to moisten the skin and they do not get rid of poisons from the body. Cover him with sufficient dry bed-clothes to keep him comfortable, but no useful purpose will be served in making him sweat."

"What is the best treatment for fever then?" asked Mrs. Wren.

"The first step is to find the cause," I told her.

I examined David's throat, ears, chest, and a specimen of his urine. The cause of his fever was an early stage of pneumonia. A "sulfa" drug defeated the bacteria which were causing the trouble. This brought down his temperature in a few hours by attacking the cause.

Reducing a fever without finding the cause is as foolish as turning off a fire alarm without locating the fire.

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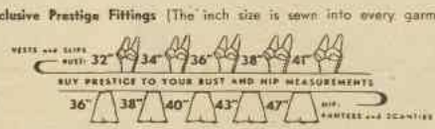

Lingerie that has your measure

by Prestige

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bright horizons, happy days

Serving the Allied Cause throughout the War, the K.P.M. and other principal Netherlands Shipping Lines lost 164 vessels as a result of enemy action. This was almost half of their combined fleets.

Happily, that is all in the past. The day should not be far distant when "Great White Yachts" of the K.P.M. Line will be thronged again with happy travellers bound for the glamorous islands of the Netherlands Indies and Singapore.

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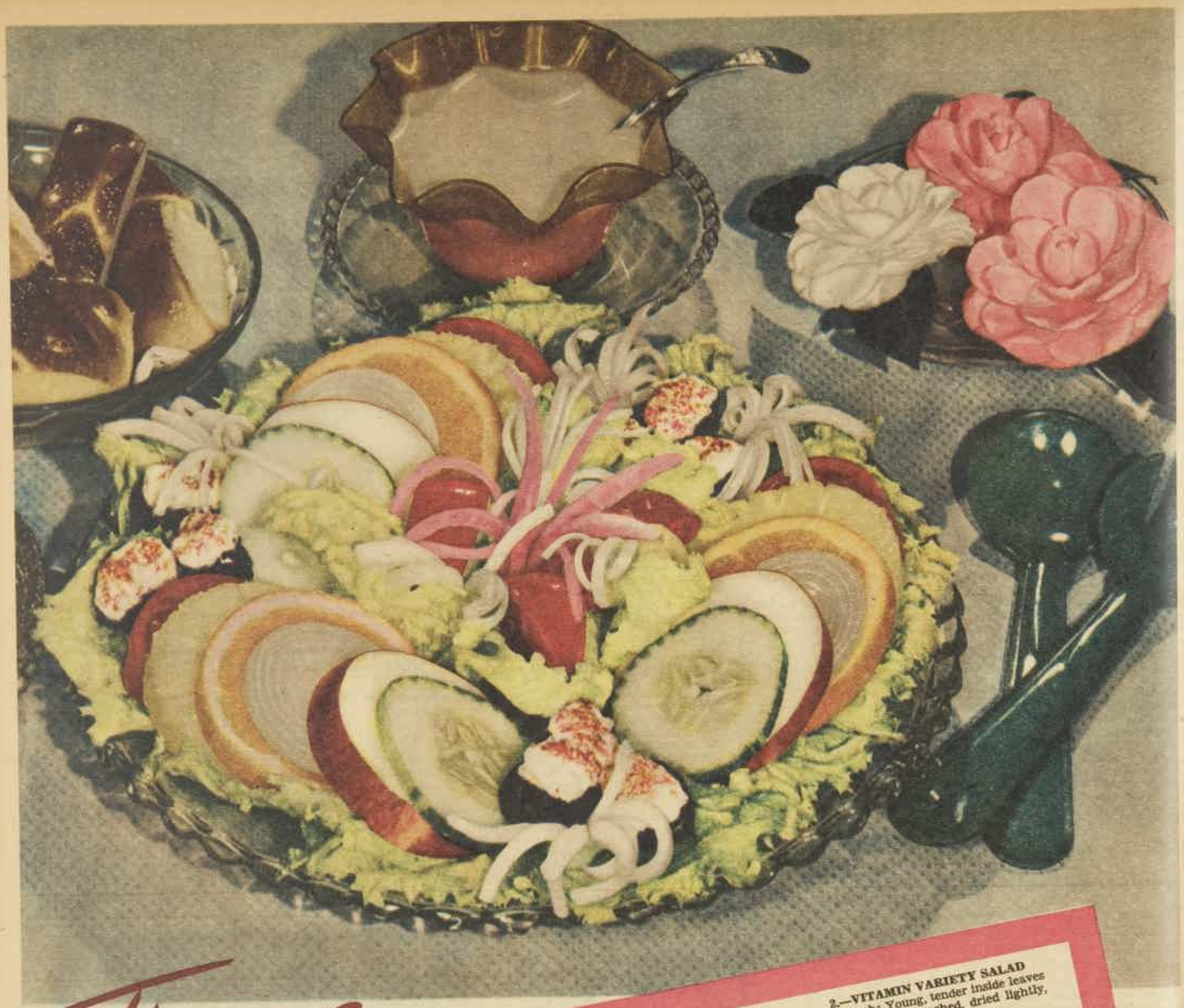

Theme for Spring

● Pamper spring appetites with colorful salads . . . nothing tastes quite so good as crisp cool salad greens, fruits, and vegetables with just the right dressing.

By The Australian Women's Weekly Food-and Cookery Experts

A SALAD platter can be a picture—with you as the artist.

Whether your choice is one large platter (as pictured above) or individual plates of salad, you still have the opportunity of using all your artistic talent and creative skill.

Present-day ideas for salads have been gathered from every land, until the list of salad ingredients reads like a market invoice-sheet!

The fact remains that the simplest salad is often the smartest salad.

And the cardinal rule is still "all ingredients garden-fresh, crisp, and cool."

Contrast in color and flavor is important—salads are to be eaten as well as looked at!

Avoid monotony—vary the flavor combinations as often as possible . . . don't expect your salad to wear the same dressing every time it appears.

No salad is any better than its dressing . . . with a light appetiser salad a light French dressing is just right.

Salads of the hearty type (the main course of a meal, perhaps) need a more substantial dressing of the mayonnaise type.

No salad should ever be watery — greens should be thoroughly washed, under running water for preference, and shaken gently in a clean teatowel.

Here are some suggestions for flavor and color combinations in salads, and dressings to pair with them.

The arrangement of the salad platter or individual plate is up to you!

1.—SPRING SYMPHONY SALAD

(See color photograph above)

Lettuce: Medium-sized leaves to cover platter; heart leaves to garnish.

Cucumber: Washed, scored with a fork, left unpeeled, sliced thinly.

Apple: Firm, red-skinned ones; left unpeeled: cored, sliced thickly, drenched with lemon juice to prevent discoloration.

Onion: Peeled, sliced thinly.

Orange: Washed, dried, sliced.

Pineapple: Peeled, sliced.

Tomato: Sliced thickly.

Celery: Curled.

Prunes: Stoned, stuffed with cream cheese softened with a little milk.

Serve with thick mayonnaise flavored with pineapple juice.

BASIC MAYONNAISE: Half teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 egg-yolk, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ cup salad oil, 1 dessertspoon hot water.

Mix dry ingredients with egg-yolk. Add vinegar. Fold in half the quantity of oil, a little at a time. Add balance of oil alternately with lemon juice. Lastly add hot water; beat again before using.

PINEAPPLE MAYONNAISE: Add ½ cup pineapple syrup to basic mayonnaise.

2.—VITAMIN VARIETY SALAD

Spinach: Young, tender inside leaves of raw spinach, washed, dried lightly, and shredded.

Carrot: Grated.

Cabbage: Shredded finely.

Radish: Long or round; scraped lightly, sliced thinly.

Celery: Chopped, or cut into 1½in. lengths and curled.

Lettuce: Washed, dried, shredded, mixed with shredded spinach.

Beetroot: Cooked, peeled, sliced thinly and seasoned with spiced vinegar. Or may be left uncooked, peeled, and grated.

Onions: Sliced thinly or minced.

Serve with ham mayonnaise.

HAM MAYONNAISE: Add 1 cup finely minced, lean ham to basic mayonnaise.

3.—HUNGARIAN SALAD

Lettuce: Baby heart leaves, well washed, left whole.

French Beans: Cooked in ½in. blocks instead of being sliced.

Tomatoes: Cut in wedges, or thick slices. Peeled or unpeeled as desired.

Continued on page 35

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Even if the years are beginning to mount up, it is possible to continue vigorous in mind and body, self-confident, alert, adaptable, and able to play one's full part in the world. *Start taking Phyllosan tablets to-day!* Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals . . . so easy to take, but, if taken regularly, what a difference they make. Many thousands of men and women, particularly those over forty, owe their health and vigour to these wonderful little tablets.

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TEMPTING LITTLE CAKES with a tantalising flavor of peanut butter and marmalade. Good hot for morning tea or cold for the lunch-box. See prizewinning recipe for pixie cakes on this page.

HOME-TESTED . . . PRIZE RECIPES

● Dried apples and cauliflower give a delicious flavor to the sweet pickles which win first prize in this week's recipe contest.

RABBIT meat left from a previous dinner can be extended to serve another meal by combining it with white sauce and cheese.

Rabbit souffle, quickly and easily prepared, makes a satisfying luncheon dish. Try it with tomato halves baked in the oven while the souffle is setting.

While fresh cream remains just a pleasant memory of the past, good recipes for mock cream are always welcome—for filling sponges and patty cakes, for sandwiching cookies, or topping sweets.

If the butter ration will stand it, use butter instead of margarine in the recipe below. Grated lemon or orange rind, or a combination of both, gives a refreshing flavor.

SWEET PICKLES

Five pounds cauliflower, 4lb. onions, 1lb. dried apples, 1lb. salt, 3lb. brown sugar, 2 quarts vinegar, 8 level tablespoons plain flour, 1 tablespoon each mustard and turmeric, 1 dessertspoon each curry powder, ground ginger, and mixed spice.

Wash cauliflower well, break into small sprigs; peel and chop onions. Sprinkle cauliflower and onions with the salt, stand overnight. Soak apples overnight in water. Next day drain apples, cauliflower, and onions. Cut apples into 1in. pieces, using scissors, and being careful to remove any pieces of apple core. Place vinegar and sugar in large enamel-lined pan, bring to the boil; add cauliflower, onions, and apples. Simmer 15 minutes. Blend flour, mustard, turmeric, curry powder, ginger, and spice with a little extra cold vinegar. Stir into pickles, continue stirring until mixture has simmered 15 minutes longer. Bottle while hot, seal when cold. If using corks to seal bottles, dip tops of bottles into melted wax after corking to make airtight.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. N. Cawley, 9 Murray St., Lane Cove, N.S.W.

PIXIE CAKES

Three ounces peanut butter, 1oz. butter or margarine, ¾ cup castor sugar, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon marmalade, 2 eggs, 4oz. sultanas, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon spice, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Cream margarine or butter with peanut butter, sugar, and lemon rind. Beat in marmalade, then eggs, one at a time. Add sultanas. Sift flour, baking powder, spice and salt; fold into mixture alternately with the milk. Spoon into well-greased patty tins, bake 12 to 15 minutes in hot oven, 375deg. F. May be topped with lemon-flavored icing when cold and sprinkled with chopped peanuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Clayton, c/o James Pty. Ltd., Temple Court Lane, Melbourne Cl.

RICH MOCK CREAM

One tablespoon margarine, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, 3 heaped tablespoons powdered milk, 1 or 2 tablespoons cold water or cold scalded milk, ½ teaspoon vanilla.

Cream margarine with sugar until sugar is absorbed. Gradually beat in the powdered milk, adding 1 teaspoon of the water or milk each time a quantity of powdered milk is added. Beat with a wooden spoon until light and fluffy. Add flavoring. May also be used for topping cakes—will set slightly if stood overnight.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. I. Yates, 144 Senate Rd., Port Pirie, S.A.

RABBIT SOUFFLE

Two cups finely minced cooked rabbit, 1oz. margarine or butter, 1½oz. flour, ½ pint milk, salt and pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 2 eggs.

Melt margarine, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until it boils and thickens. Fold in rabbit meat, cheese, salt and pepper, beaten egg-yolks. Beat egg-whites stiffly, fold into rabbit mixture. Pour into deep greased ovenware dish, stand in a tin of cold water; bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven. Serve piping hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss A. Headland, 23 Hannah St., Benalla, Vic.

Theme for Spring

Continued from page 34

Potatoes: Cooked, cut into cubes.

Fish: Any firm-fleshed fish — steamed or boiled, boned and flaked.

Onion: Minced finely.

Eggs: Hard-boiled and halved or quartered.

Serve with a simple French dressing.

FRENCH DRESSING: One teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon dry mustard, pinch cayenne pepper, 3 tablespoons lemon juice, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ½ cup salad oil.

Place all ingredients in a screw-top jar, adjust lid, shake well.

4.—CAULIFLOWER SALAD

Cauliflower: Young, tender flowerets of uncooked cauliflower. If not liked raw, simmer 5 minutes in boiling salted water.

Green and Red Pepper: Parboiled, seeded, and chopped.

Celery: Diced, saving young green leaves to garnish.

Lettuce: Small cup-shaped leaves to hold other ingredients. Serve with tomato-flavored French dressing.

TOMATO FRENCH DRESSING: Add ¾ cup tomato juice to French dressing. Chill well, and shake thoroughly before using.

I saw it with my own eyes—

a 28yr Old supper cloth and it looks Brand New

says Aunt Jenny

Don't you envy Mrs. M. Levis, of 17 Bassett Street, Hurstville, N.S.W.! Her letter* proves Velvet Soap makes all linens last far longer.

* *Original in our office.*

1. "A very good friend gave my Mother a beautiful supper-cloth," *writes Mrs. Levis.* "When she died, it was given to me. I knew how Velvet Soap made my Mother's linen last. I decided to use it myself."

2. "Since then I have washed it regularly," *continues Mrs. Levis.* "Yet this 28-year-old cloth still looks like new. It just goes to show how Velvet makes linens last."

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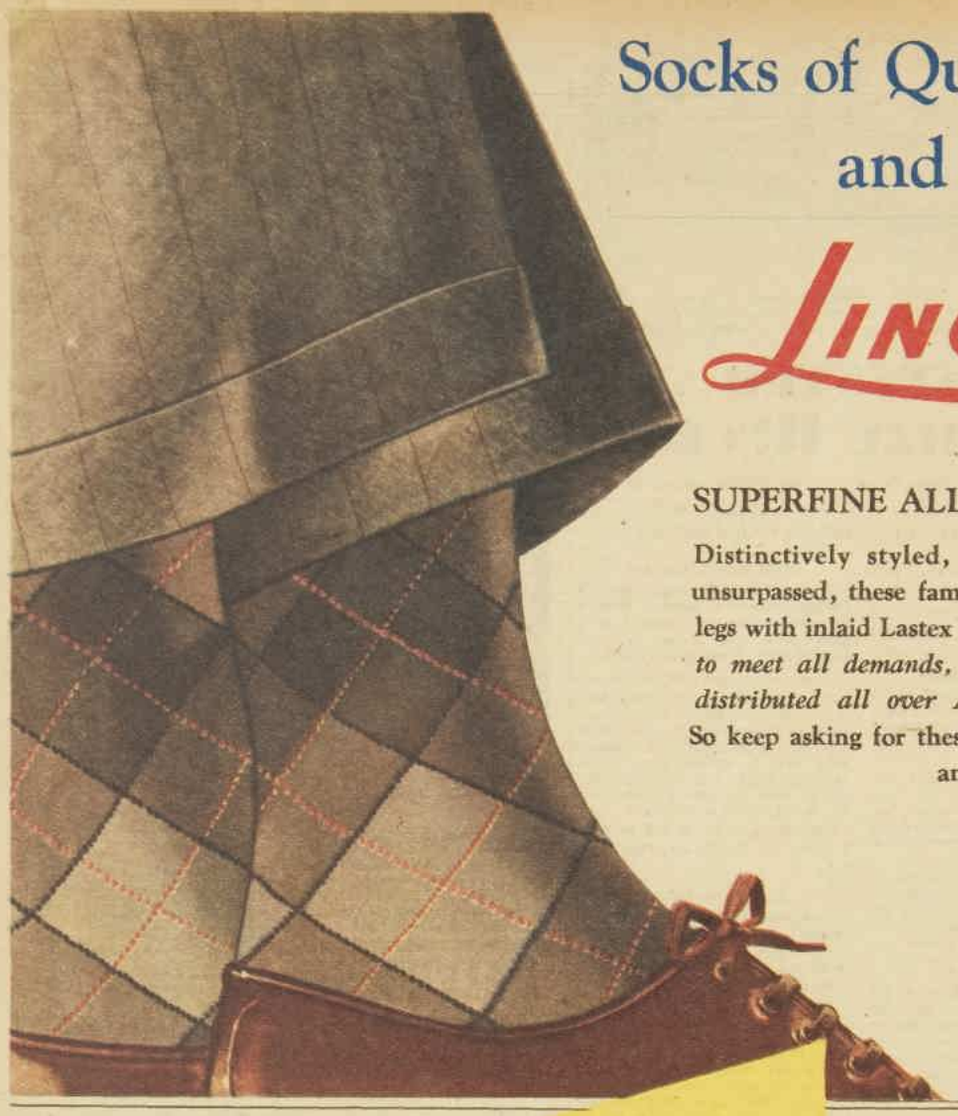

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